

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

"MILLIONS IN IT" OR A BOY WITH IDEAS.
AND OTHER STORIES *By A SELF MADE MAN.*



With an angry roar the farmer tried to carry out his threat. Sam grabbed the axe by the handle, while Micky seized the hayseed around the waist from behind. The boys found the husky chap a mighty proposition.

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1951 - 1958 FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 768.

NEW YORK JUNE 18, 1920.

Price 10 cents

MILLIONS IN

Or, A BOY WITH IDEAS

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Barnstormers.

"Is this Plainfield?" asked Sam Sharpley, a husky-looking boy of eighteen, poking his head out of the door of one of the coaches of the 2:15 a. m. accommodation from Motley Junction, on the D. & G. railroad line, as the train began slowing up for its brief stop at a dreary-looking station, lighted by a single smoky lamp. The brakeman, to whom the remark was addressed, said it was.

"It's Plainfield, Micky," said Sam, turning half around and speaking to a small boy with a Hibernian cast of countenance. "Get a move on and hustle the ladies and gents out as soon as the train stops. And don't overlook Downey Grab like you did last night. He's got his usual load on, and is asleep in the corner seat. Yank him out if he won't come of his own accord."

"Is it the manager yez want me to lay me hands on? Sure it's bounced I'll be whin he gets sober," replied Mickey.

"Bounced! Don't you worry, Micky. He isn't such a fool as to bounce so useful a member of the company as yourself. Besides, he'll never remember the incident. Go on, now; you haven't more than half a minute to get every one on the move."

Sam stepped out on the forward platform of the coach and got down on the last step ready to spring off when the train stopped. Right ahead was the baggage car. Already the side door was open, and through it protruded the end of an oblong sinister-looking black box, a large yellow paper pasted on it bearing the printed words in heavy black type—"The Downey Grab Stock Co." The box contained the scenery, such as it was, of the theatrical organization which owned the aforesaid Grab as its manager. On either side of it stood two grim-visaged baggagemen ready to fire it out on the station platform. As Sam stepped off the car the black box shot out of the baggage-car door, like a huge stone from a catapult, and landed on the platform with a crash that awoke the echoes of the night. Then followed a couple of good-sized trunks, one containing "props" and the other costumes and other instruments, handled with the same remorseless energy.

Sam, whose duties as property man of the "show" made him responsible for the oblong box and the two trunks the moment they left the baggage car, was a witness of the rough handling they had received, but he knew better than to voice a protest. In the meantime a dozen ghostly-looking figures, three of whom were females,

carrying heavy suitcases, stumbled down the steps of the car, like people only half awake. The conductor, lantern in hand, watched their exit from the car with ill-concealed impatience. Downey Grab, the manager, came last of all, leaning heavily on Micky Free, Sam's assistant. The odor of rum hung about him, and he seemed incapable of looking out for himself. That was nothing unusual with Grab. Like all great men, he had his weakness, not that the manager was really considered a distinguished personage by any one but himself. The moment Micky got him on the platform the conductor shouted "All aboard!" from sheer force of habit, since there was nobody waiting to get on the train at that early hour in the morning. Then he swung his lantern and hopped on the car as the engineer pulled out for the next station, some fifteen miles away.

There was no 'bus on hand to convey the tired professionals to the hotel, half a mile away, so they had to start off and tramp the distance on foot. As they filed off into the darkness, two of the men forcing the manager along between them, Sam went up to the sleepy-looking station agent and asked him to help Micky and himself pull the oblong box and the two trunks into the station building, where they were to remain till called for later on. Assisted by the half-dopy agent, the boys hustled the company's property into the station, and then they hurried after the manager and the performers, after learning that the road on the other side of the station, if followed to the right, would bring them to Main street, where they would find the hotel, a typical country place.

At that hour the hotel was dark and silent, like the stores in its immediate vicinity, and the houses roundabout. The boys, hurrying forward, could hear the thumping of one of the actors on the front door.

"Begorra, we always have to wake thim landlords up," said Micky, with a yawn.

"Since we're never expected, how can it be otherwise?" replied Sam. "Mr. Grab does not consider it necessary to keep an advance agent ahead of the show, therefore our advent in these villages is unheralded. That throws all the work of billing the company on us."

"Sure it does, worse luck!"

The tired actors had just succeeded in enticing the landlord from his bed when the two boys came up. The boniface stood in the doorway, only half awake, clad in his shirt, trousers and slippers. Such a bunch of guests at any hour would have been gladly welcomed by him, but for

END for latest list of boys to be sent
els that we sell for the each, dont
aid, or exchange. 10 Samples etc.
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reasons he felt rather shy toward the votaries of the drama. He stated his terms, agreed to a rebate in favor of the profession, but wanted a deposit on account as an evidence of good faith. It was not the business of the members of the company to advance the required deposit, and as Mr. Downey Grab was snoring peacefully in the grasp of his two supporters, matters looked blue until Sam came to the rescue.

"How much do you want, landlord?" he asked. "Ten dollars will do," was the reply.

Sam walked up to the manager, shoved his hand into his right trousers pocket and pulled out a small roll of bills, while the company looked on admiring his nerve. The boy counted out the necessary amount, handed it to the landlord, and returned the rest to Grab's pocket. The Thespians were then admitted and allotted to rooms, everybody doubling up except the old lady and the manager, who got small rooms to themselves. The landlord regarded Sam as the most important personage connected with the company, and gave him and Micky the best room in his house, which wasn't saying a whole lot. He called it the bridal chamber.

"Bridle chamber, is it?" said Micky, as he and Sam pulled off their clothes. "Sure that's what I always called the stable in the ould dart."

The manager and his performers slept till eleven, when they appeared in the dining-room for breakfast. Not so Sam and Micky, who regarded themselves as the backbone of the show. The former had requested the landlord to have him and his companion awakened at seven, when they expected to be served with their breakfast. The evening's box office receipts depended on their early exertions, and after finishing breakfast, they started out to corral a squad of kids to help them bill the village. The only inducement Sam had to offer their allies was a free pass to the show, and this had never failed to get all the help they wanted. As fast as they arranged with a boy they directed him to go to the Op'ry House, which Sam had ascertained was a small hall over the express office and post-office, not far from the hotel.

It was equipped with cheap chairs, fastened on planks; a yellow-keyed, consumptive-toned piano, of a brand in fashion about the time of the Civil War; a stage furnished with a footlight trough fitted with kerosene lamps; a faded proscenium and drop curtain—the latter representing some foreign subject, originally painted in glowing sunset hues. On either side, in groups of two, wooden grooves were nailed to the rafters, with corresponding wooden pieces secured to the stage. These slanted just a bit toward the back, and held in place oblong wooden frames, in skeleton, covered with painted canvas, and represented the "wings" that went with the different "drops." Such was the opera house at Plainfield, and it was a very fair sample of similar Thespian temples to be found in the small towns throughout the West, in which region Downey Grab's repertory company was touring.

CHAPTER II.—Sam Sharpley on the Job.

When Sam reached the opera house, entrance to which was to be had through a double door, at present locked, over which was a large lamp

provided with red glass, lettered on both sides, "Opera House," he found seven eager-looking youths assembled in a bunch canvassing the merits of the forthcoming show. As yet they were densely ignorant of the play that was to be produced, but judged that it was in line with such productions as had already honored the village at irregular intervals.

"Are you all ready to get to work?" asked Sam.

"Yes, yes," chorussed the lads.

"What time does the express office open?"

"It ought to be open now," said one of the boys.

"The agent has our paper. You'll have to be patient till he gets here."

"Here he comes now," said a boy.

Up the street came the express agent, who was also a Western Union operator, and handled all the telegraphic business of the town. In fact, he expected a theatrical company to materialize that day, for he had received a C. O. D. bundle, the afternoon before, addressed "The Downey Grab Stock Co., Plainfield. From the Chicago Show Printing House. Collect \$4."

Sam was waiting to get that bundle. He had taken the precaution to get a \$5 bill from Downey Grab before the previous night's performance at Motley Junction, in order to pay for the paper. The manager gave it up with reluctance, but he realized that it was one of the absolutely necessary expenses he had to meet if the show was to go on. Sam paid the four dollars, and the express charges on the bundle, and was about to take it outside when the express agent said:

"What kind of a show have you got, young man?"

"Finest on the circuit," replied the boy, with a grin.

"That's what they all say. Where is the manager?"

"At the hotel, asleep. We didn't reach this burgh till two-ten this morning."

"You can tell him that I'm the owner of the opera house upstairs, and that he'll have to see me about getting it."

"I am authorized to represent him. I have a blank contract in my pocket which we can fill out and sign now just as well as not."

"All right," said the express agent.

"Say, you don't mind if I open this bundle here, do you? I want to send those boys outside around town with the small bills."

"Of course I don't mind. Use the counter all you want."

Sam cut the cords and opened the bundle. A bunch of quarter sheet hangers, in two colors, lay on top. Sam skinned off one of them and handed it to the agent and manager of the opera house for his instruction. The bill ran as follows:

OPERA HOUSE.		
To-night!	To-night!	To-night!
THE DOWNEY GRAB STOCK CO.		
will present		
The Greatest of all Dramatic Successes,		
The Thrilling 4-Act Drama,		
"LIGHTS OF A GREAT CITY."		
Special Scenery.		Electrical Effects.
ALL-STAR COMPANY.		
10—20—30 Cents.		Reserved Seats at —

While the express agent was reading the bill, with mental reservations as to special scenery and electrical effects, Sam yanked out of the bundle an armful of small throwaways reading exactly the same as the hanger. He distributed these equally among the boys, and chased them to work, telling them to report to him at the hotel about one o'clock, when he would hand out the passes, which would admit bearer to a ten-cent seat at the back of the hall. The boys started off, each reading one of the bills to learn about the play, and Sam returned to the counter.

At that moment Micky joined him, and without a word picked up a bunch of the hangers and went off to display them in all the stores and other public places. Sam pulled a small folding hammer and a paper of tacks from his pocket and tacked up a bill on the post-office side of the room.

"I'm ready to do business with you," said the agent.

"Very good," said Sam. "There isn't much to be done. You furnish the hall, lighting, orchestra, ushers, ticket seller, and we furnish the company, special scenery, electrical effects, printing, band and doorkeeper. We expect seventy per cent. of the gross."

"How much?" asked the agent.

"Seventy per cent."

"You don't want much, do you?"

"As we have a large company, a box of special scenery and a bang-up band, that's about right."

"How many people do you carry?"

"Thirteen, including myself and the manager."

"What are you—the business manager?"

"Yes, I'm the business manager, property man, I double on the stage and also in brass, and, as you see, I am also the advertising agent."

"You have your hands full, haven't you?"

"I am kept fairly busy. Well, shall I write in seventy per cent.?"

"I think not. Make it sixty."

"We'll split the difference and call it sixty-five," said Sam, writing that in, without waiting for the opera house man to dissent. "Now sign here, Mr. —"

"My name is Fox," said the man, affixing his John Hancock to the contract.

"My name is Sam Sharpley," said the boy, dashing his signature off.

The contract was signed in duplicate, each party retaining one.

"You'll see the manager later," said Sam. "He will introduce himself."

"Downey Grab. I think I've heard of him, but I am sure I never met him. He has been in the business some time, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," replied Sam. "He's one of the best known managers in the West. This is the first time he has taken in such small places as Plainfield on his route. He is losing money by doing so. But he feels that he owes a duty that can best be fulfilled by giving the inhabitants of the villages a chance of seeing the truly splendid drama, 'The Lights of a Great City.' Under these circumstances I trust, for your own interest, as well as his, you will call the attention of all who drop in here to-day to the treat that is in store for them. Loan me your mucilage-bottle, please. I'd like to hang a bill in each of the windows."

Sam then tacked a bill on each side of the

double door of the opera house, and a couple more on the two trees in front. As everybody in the village knew that reserved seats for opera house shows were sold at Brown's drug store on the next corner, Sam didn't bother writing that fact on the bill. He got a bunch of thirty-cent tickets and took them to the drugstore, where he introduced himself to Brown, hung up a couple of bills inside, and several more on the trees outside, after assuring the druggist that Downey Grab's Stock Co. and the drama of "The Lights of a Great City" were the finest ever. Sam then dropped in to see the editor of the village paper. After introducing himself, he asked when the paper came out. The editor and proprietor told him that the Clarion was published on Saturday morning.

"What a pity you don't come out to-day!" said Sam, with assumed regret. "In that case I could give you a large advertisement. I never neglect a chance to pull the people."

"You might give me a job of printing," suggested the proprietor, with an eye to business.

"Sorry, but we have all the paper we need. I have a dozen or more of the rising generation of this village out billing the place. I suppose three passes will be as many as you require."

The proprietor modestly suggested that his family was a large one, and that six would come nearer the mark.

"All right. I'll give you three now. You can ask Mr. Grab, when he calls, for the others. I suppose you will give me the privilege of hanging a bill in your window? Thank you. Good day."

Sam slapped up two bills outside and went on his way.

CHAPTER III.—Doubling on Brass.

At noon, precisely, the male members of Downey Grab's Stock Co., arrayed in red caps decorated with gilt braid, and accompanied with some kind of wind instrument, took their way to the opera house. It is the long-established custom of repertoire companies playing one-night and even longer stands, at the moderate prices of ten, twenty and thirty cents, for the masculine members to make their bow to the tooting of their own horns. Whether he be the leading man or the hustler of props, he is engaged with the understanding that he "doubles in brass," or, in other words, performs as a musician in the mid-day street parade, in addition to displaying his abilities on the stage in the evening.

It is therefore necessary for a person whose ambition circles around a cheap road company to learn to play passably well on some brass instrument. He can learn to act afterward. The way Sam Sharpley secured his engagement with Downey Grab was through the fact that he was a very fine performer on the cornet. As soon as the manager heard him play, he snapped him up at once at the princely stipend of ten dollars perhaps. He got hold of a treasure with Sam, for the boy was fond of the show business, though, strange to say, he did not care to be an actor. He was looking for experience so as to take out a show himself some day.

Micky Free was the only male member of the

stock company who could not perform on a wind instrument. Sooner than have his services go to waste, Downey Grab purchased a second-hand pair of cymbals for him, and thus the Irish lad was enabled to double in brass. Sam, on account of his musical ability, was made leader of the band. He led off with the air and the others followed down to Old Howler, an ex-tragedian, who did old men's parts on the stage, who furnished the "Um-pah—um-pah" on the big brass instrument.

It was a great band, and when it got down to business you could hear it half a mile on a still day. On the present occasion Sam began proceedings with a cornet solo, as usual. As he was really an artist in his line, his playing always attracted a big crowd. The crack cornet players of famous bands had very little on him when he did his best. He invariably received a big round of applause. Naturally the spectators, after hearing him, expected something unusual from the rest of the band, and were disappointed. After Sam's playing had been applauded he gave the order to march to the ching, ching, ching-ching-ching of the cymbals in Micky's energetic grasp.

With a bunch of village boys behind, the procession proceeded up Main street. In a moment or two the whole band burst forth with "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," or something equally characteristic. While his people were trying to draw the public, Downey Grab was hobnobbing with the proprietor of the hotel across the bar. What Mr. Grab didn't say about himself and his abilities as a theatrical manager is hardly worth mentioning. At one o'clock the company sat down to dinner in the hotel dining-room, and then Sam and Micky sneaked off to get the balance of their sleep. Sam, from experience, knew better than to go to their room. The manager was sure to arouse them both to attend to some business connected with the show. So they glided off down Main street and took their way to the suburbs, where a small river ran sparkling in the sunshine. Here they found a quiet, shady spot among the trees that bordered the stream, and in ten minutes both were asleep.

While the overworked property boy, business manager, and advertising agent combined was sleeping the sleep of the weary, with his assistant, Micky, beside him, three members of Downey Grab's Stock Co. came that way. The afternoon being theirs to dispose of at will, Charley Unger, the comedian, Henry Johnson, the heavy man, and Frank Robinson, who played juvenile lead, took a notion to explore the country around Plainfield.

"Listen!" exclaimed Johnson, in tragic tones. "I think I hear the sound of some one's nasal bugle. Dust hear it, brothers?"

"I dust," replied Unger. "It's some guy snoring."

"Ah! What a lovely sylvan glade in which to court slumber's sweet bondage!" said Johnson.

"It's a good place to sleep if you haven't the price of a bed," said Robinson, in practical tones.

As the actors advanced nearer the sleepers they recognized them.

"It's Sharpley and the Harp," said Unger. "It's the latter who is whistling 'Erin Go Bragh' through his nose."

"I wonder what brought them out here?" said

Robinson, as the Thespians paused in front of the boys.

"I should judge that their legs brought them, for I don't see any whiz-wagon around," said Unger solemnly.

"I suppose you think that's funny, Unger?" said Robinson, with an air of disgust. "If you were half as funny on the stage as you try to be off, the show would probably make more money."

"You're the Jinx of the show yourself, Robinson. You try to pose as a matinee idol because you're cast for the lover's part, but you're a yap at the business."

"Is that so? Who ever told you that you were a comedian?" said Robinson.

"I don't have to be told. True ability always comes to the surface."

"So does a dead fish."

"That's a good wheeze for you, Robinson. You are certainly wasting your talents in repertoire. You ought to be playing with Booth or Irving."

"Why, they're dead, you chump."

"I know it," replied Unger, with a wink at Johnson.

"That's where you got his goat," said the heavy man.

"Talking about goats, what'll we do with these kids?" said Unger.

"Sell them to the railroad company. They're always looking for sleepers," said Robinson, with a grin.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Johnson. He's sometimes taken that way. Now I'll tell you what we'll do with Sharpley. We'll lift him up gently and carry him aboard that abandoned canal-boat in the creek. When he wakes up he'll wonder how he got there. It'll be a good joke on him," said Unger.

The other two fell in with the idea. Sam looked so fagged-out that they didn't believe a little handling would wake him up. So between them they lifted him as gently as possible and carried him a short distance up the river to the creek where the cumbersome-looking canal-boat lay moored to a post driven into the bank. A plank connected with the deck, and over this they got him on board. Then they lowered him down into the hold. As they started to leave, Sam rolled over on his side and they distinctly heard him mutter:

"It's just the thing, Micky. There's millions in it!"

CHAPTER IV.—The Discovery That Sam Made.

"He's having a pipe dream," chuckled Unger, as the actors left Sam alone in his glory. Three hours passed away, and the sun was pretty well down in the sky when Sam awoke. He rubbed his eyes and looked around him in astonishment.

"Holy smoke! where am I at?" he exclaimed, not a little amazed at the transformation which had taken place in his surroundings. He went to sleep in a leafy covert out in the open air, within sight of the river; now he found himself in the hold of some kind of a boat.

He sat up and scratched his head in a perplexed way.

"Well, if this doesn't get my goat, I'm a——"

Then he stopped and listened, for he heard voices behind him. Looking around, he saw nothing but a rude bulkhead. The voices came from behind it. Curious to learn who the speakers were, he felt along the bulkhead till he found a knothole. Applying his eye to this, he saw two rough-looking men examining and commenting on the contents of a good-sized bag. Sam almost gasped when he saw them take a complete silver service, piece by piece, out of the bag, and figure on the value of each. They valued it at \$1,000 at a rough guess. Then they took out a lady's jewel case, which they opened, and appraised its contents of gems at a couple of thousand dollars more. Other articles of value followed until they summed up the total results at about \$5,000. There seemed to be no doubt that the men had committed a big robbery in the neighborhood.

"We've made a bang-up haul, Bill," said one of the pair.

"You bet we have. We'll live like pigs in clover when we reach Chicago."

"It's about time we had a little luck. We must hide this bag somewhere till we're ready to light out after dark."

"There's a hollow tree on the bank. We can put it in there. No one is likely to come this way before to-morrow, and by that time we'll be half-way to Chicago."

"A good idea. We'll do it. Then we'll go to the village and get supper at the restaurant."

"I'll go up first and take a look around," said the fellow named Bill.

He jumped out of the forward hatch and his companion awaited his return. Bill came back in about ten minutes.

"The coast is clear," he said, poking his head down the hatch. "Hoist it up."

With Bill's help the bag and its contents were landed on deck, and the other man followed it. Sam heard their tread on the deck. Stepping on a box which stood under the main hatch, he ventured to follow their movements. They carried the bag to a huge gnarled oak tree, whose dead limbs pointed at the four quarters of the compass. The men shoved the bag into an opening that Sam could not distinguish from his place of observation. After pushing the shrubbery against it, they started off in the direction of the village. Sam waited a while to give them a start, and then he got out of the hold and went ashore. He went straight to the hollow tree, pulled the shrubbery aside and came upon the bag.

"They're coming back for it after supper, and expect to take it to Chicago and realize on the stuff. I guess it's my duty to remove it from their clutches, and later on turn it over to the police of his village. Now where shall I hide it so they won't discover it?"

Sam walked around, and at length came to a hole in the ground at a point near the head of the creek. It was partly hidden by a bunch of bushes. It seemed to be as good a place for hiding the bag as he was likely to find. Returning to the tree, he found the bag much heavier than he had supposed it was, and it took all his strength to drag it from the hole. The only way he could carry it was to get it on his back. Succeeding, he staggered along to the hole and dropped it in. He went some yards away and pulled

up an armful of wild vegetation. He threw this down on the bag, hiding it wholly from sight.

"That will do. I'll bet they won't find it there. Now I'll get back to the village, for it must be nearly supper-time," he said.

Although he did not know just where he was, for he and Micky had not come upon the creek during their walk, he had a general idea of the direction in which the village lay, and he started that way. Ten minutes later he was walking up Main Street toward the hotel. There were a dozen chairs lined along the low veranda of that building, and these were mostly filled with the male members of Downey Grab's Stock Co., talking shop, while awaiting the supper bell, always a cheerful sound to them. When Sam stepped on the veranda he was greeted by a broad grin.

Unger, Johnson and Robinson had circulated the joke they played on the boy, and all hands wondered what his sensations had been when he awoke and found himself on board the canal-boat instead of where he went to sleep. The reader may think that the said practical joke didn't amount to a great deal, but anything that will afford even a trifling diversion goes with the members of a cheap repertory company on tour. Sam saw the grin on the actors' faces and suspected that he was the cause of it.

"Hello, Sharpley! Where have you been?" asked Unger.

"Out in the suburbs," replied the young property man.

"You and Micky went off together, didn't you?"

"We did."

"How came you to shake him?" chuckled the comedian.

"How do you know that I shook him?" asked Sam suspiciously.

"Because he's looking for you."

"Yes, he got back a little while ago and said you and he went to sleep under the trees beside the river," said Robinson, "and when he woke up he found that you had gone away and left him. That's a nice way to treat your side partner."

"I wouldn't treat a chap that way—I'd take him up to a bar," said Unger.

"It isn't my fault. I walked off in my sleep."

A roar of laughter greeted Sam's reply.

"What are you fellows laughing at?" asked Sam.

"I didn't hear anybody laugh. Did you, Unger?" asked Robinson. The comedian shook his head.

"That must have been Old Howler you heard. He just went inside to brace the boss of the show for a quarter," said Unger. "So you walk in your sleep, Sharpley? Where did you go in your somnambulistic condition?"

"Oh, I just took a stroll," replied Sam evasively.

"Where did you find yourself when you woke up?"

"In a place where I made a surprising discovery."

"Tell us about it."

"You'll learn about it later on. Which way did Micky go?"

The Irish boy answered for himself by appearing at the door.

"Oh, there yez are, Sam," he said. "And where did yez go to?"

Before Sam could reply, the supper bell rang. The actors rose like a flock of birds at the discharge of a gun and made a rush for the dining-room.

CHAPTER V.—The Company Strikes a Frost.

As Sam and Micky had to go directly to the opera house after supper to set the first act of the play, which, owing to their desire for sleep they had neglected to do during the afternoon, the former had no time to hunt up the police and tell them about the bag of stolen property which he had concealed. He intended to tell Fox, the proprietor of the opera house, who would be in the box office, and let him attend to the matter. The walk to the hall was too short to enable him to tell all his story to Micky, but he began it by describing how, when he woke up, he found himself in the hold of a canal-boat in a creek, and it was a great mystery to him how he got there.

"It was some of thim actors pulled the trick on yez," said Micky.

"But how could they carry me to the boat without waking me up?" said Sam.

"You must have been dead tired like myself. Sure I wouldn't have heard a cannon if it had been fired off alongside me ear."

"I can guess who the funny ones were."

"Faith, a blind man could do that. It was Unger and Robinson. They're always up to just such didoes. They may have followed us, and when they found us aslape they worked the trick on yez."

By that time they reached the opera house, the door of which was open. A small boy, the proprietor's son, was sitting in a chair beside the box-office, which was merely an enclosed space just large enough for a man to squeeze inside of.

"Is the door open upstairs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy; "do you belong to the show?"

"I'm the property man, and we've come to set the stage," said Sam.

"Here's the key," said the youth.

Sam took it and marched upstairs, followed by Micky. Although it was light outside in the street, the landing above was rather dark. Sam unlocked the door and placed the key on the inside. He brought out the chair used by the door-keeper, usually the manager of the attraction, or his representative, stood on it, and lit the kerosene lamp, turning it low, lest the proprietor of the house should have an attack of heart failure. The hall was lighted in the daytime by four windows at the back that overlooked Main street. When in use at night the illumination was supplied by numerous kerosene lamps, fastened to the walls at intervals and supplied with reflectors.

Sam and Micky reached the stage through a door at the top of four steps. The curtain was up and the oblong black box, flanked by the two trunks, lay lengthwise on the twelve-foot stage. The first thing that Sam did was to open the costume trunk. It was divided into two sections, one of which held the larger musical instruments, which had been returned to it after the parade, while the other was crammed with the costumes.

It didn't take Sam long to yank the suits for the night's show on the stage. A city melodrama doesn't require much in the way of costume. The comedian and the soubrette were about the only ones who wore anything outside of their street attire. Further disguise was accomplished with wigs, beards, and a stick or two of grease paint, applied with professional skill to their faces. Sam tossed a thin-flowered skirt, fancy bodice and foreign headdress to Micky. He didn't have to tell his assistant what to do with them. The Irish boy carried them into the ladies' dressing-room and hung them on a couple of pegs. While he was doing that, Sam conveyed the comedian's German coat, pants, vest and flaxen wig into the gents' dressing-room.

A few other articles followed behind each of the canvas screens, and then Sam slammed down the cover of the trunk, and he and Micky pulled it behind the wings near first entrance, to answer for a seat. Sam then attacked the "props" used in the melodrama, and Micky picked them up as fast as he threw them out, and carried them to a corner behind the scenes. Trunk No. 2 was then hauled over to the gents' side and left. Before tackling the box containing the "special scenery," Sam let down and examined the six stock "drops," or scenes, that formed the scenic resources of the opera house. As he expected, one was a street cloth, and that would do for the first act of "Lights of a Great City."

It was hung near the front. He and Micky removed it to the extreme back, against the brick wall, for the full stage was required. Another drop was a parlor scene, and that would fill the requirements of the second act—the drawing-room of a Fifth Avenue mansion. The third act represented a view of the East River, with the Brooklyn Bridge by night, and other local additions. Nothing that would answer was to be found in the house, as a matter of course, but Sam had the cloth in the box, and he and Micky got it out, and hung it rolled up in front of the street scene. The fourth act was an attic interior, and could have been faked up with the kitchen drop, but Sam considered the bar-room cloth, used in "Ten Nights," would be more satisfactory, so he got it out. Two or three set pieces, that folded up small by means of hinges, came out of the box, and then the black case was closed, lifted off the stage and laid lengthwise in front of the first row of seats in the auditorium.

Before this work had all been accomplished, Micky had to light the lamps on the stage, at the wings, and those attached to a board in the flies. The country-looking youth, who comprised the force of ushers, appeared and began to light up the hall. Down at the entrance the bunch of boys holding free tickets began to assemble, prepared to make a rush and occupy the best ten-cent seats as soon as the door was open to them. The members of the company also began to arrive with small bundles in their hands, containing their make-up sticks and other necessary articles which they carried in their private suitcases. The manager followed a little later, and he stood at the outer portal like a great mogul till it was time for him to get "on the door" upstairs.

As soon as the stage was ready for the first act Sam lowered the curtain, leaving the usher to light the footlamps. Sam had been so busy that he had had no time to think about telling the proprietor of the opera house, had he been present, which he wasn't, about the stolen property down at the creek. It was too late now for him to do it, for he had to make up as a tough for his appearance in the first act. Micky appeared in the same act, and in the third and fourth as well, as a New York bootblack. In the second act Sam enacted the thinking part of a footman and a servant to the owner of the Fifth Avenue mansion. He also appeared in a minor role in the other two acts. In addition to appearing on the stage, Sam and Micky had to arrange the scenery for each act in turn, distribute the properties when required, fire a pistol behind the scenes, shout and growl as part of a fierce mob in the distance, and do a lot of other things, besides wait on the performers when wanted.

As if that wasn't quite enough to earn his ten-dollar salary, Sam was expected to wash up and go outside between the second and third acts and play a cornet solo, with piano accompaniment. To tell the honest truth, that was the best feature of the show, because it possessed real merit. Half-past seven came, Downey Grab took his place at the door of the hall and prepared for the rush of business he calculated that the thrilling melodrama, "Lights of a Great City," ought to draw.

As we remark, Downey Grab was prepared for a rush. It came in the shape of the seven small boys who had earned passes by helping to bill the village that morning. Then there was a lull. Ten minutes passed before the stairs resounded to the tread of anybody else, and then a man who had paid real money at the box office for a twenty-cent seat came up. A dozen people with free tickets followed him at intervals, and then came the second paid-for ticket—a thirty-cent one this time. Following them came a rush of two who had purchased reserved seats at Brown's drug store. The house looked awfully thin, but the seven small boys who were stamping for the orchestra to appear didn't worry about that. The less people in the hall the better they could see the stage. Professor Smith, who gave lessons on the piano to the rising generation of Plainfield's upper circle, was the orchestra, and he took his place at the antediluvian instrument in the hall at five minutes after eight. As he had taken care to collect his pay in advance, the meager size of the audience had no effect on him. He opened the piano and began the overture with the same energy as though the opera house were crowded to its capacity. The moment for ringing up was at hand, but there was no enthusiasm on the stage. One and all had in turn piped off the "house" through the peep-hole, and all agreed with Charley Unger's doleful remark, that they had run up against an awful "frost."

CHAPTER VI.—Blocking Downey Grab.

Mr. Downey Grab saw the finish of his show when the curtain rose on the first act of his play, "The Lights of a Great City."

When that wouldn't pull a house, it was "good night." He counted \$1.60 in the auditorium, and his contract entitled him to sixty-five per cent. of that, or \$1.04. Some people wouldn't have had the nerve to ask for it, but Mr. Grab wasn't built that way.

"I suppose you'd like a return date," said Proprietor Fox sarcastically, when the manager looked in at the box-office at half-past eight.

The witticism was lost on Mr. Grab. He suggested a settlement, and pocketed the \$1.04. Then he went to the hotel to get his suitcase. He needed it, he told the hotel man, to put the night's receipts in. The confiding boniface had no suspicion that he wanted to get it out of the house, because he had announced that the company would remain at his house all night and take the 8:10 accommodation in the morning.

Downey Grab had learned that a train for Motley Junction stopped at Plainfield at 12:15 a. m. He made up his mind to take it. He knew that Sam had arranged with an expressman to take the scenery and props to the station immediately after the show, so they would be in readiness for the 8:10 a. m. accommodation. He meant to have them put on the 12:15 train instead. In the meantime he deposited his suitcase in the empty box-office and went upstairs to see how "The Lights of a Great City" was progressing. He found there had been some additions to the audience since he left, but he could not tell whether they had paid or not, as Proprietor Fox was not in sight. There were worse companies on the road than Downey Grab's—much worse—and it was the fact that the village had been buncoed the week previous by an aggregation of talent that would have been sweeter on cold storage that kept the inhabitants away from the opera house that night.

"Mr. Grab will have to go down into his jeans for the hotel bill," said Sam to Micky, after the curtain had fallen on Act Two, and the boys were setting the stage for Act Three.

"Begorra, that's what he will!" replied the Irish lad. "That is, if he intends to go on with the show."

"Go on with the show!" exclaimed Sam. "Why wouldn't he go on with it?"

"Well, yez know we haven't been pullin' much money for the last tin nights, and after sich a frost as we've got to-night, he might fale that a frish start was better than kapin' on wid de prisint show. I know the ould cormorant, and nothin' he might do would surprise me, begorra."

"But it would cost him something to take the company back to Chicago."

"And do yez imagine he would do that?"

"What else, if he closed the tour here?"

"Sure it's easy to see that yez are grane to the business yet."

"What do you mean, Micky?" asked Sam, pausing in the act of lowering the Brooklyn Bridge drop.

"I mane—but let me whisper it in your ear. If Mister Downey Grab intinds to quit now, he'll take no one out of the place wid him unless it's yersilf and me."

"No one but us?" exclaimed Sam, in surprise.

"Whist! Not so loud, or it's a riot yez'll have on the stage. The only raison he'll take us is

bekase he couldn't get the scenery and props off widout our hilp."

"And what about the company?"

"Sure they'll be stranded and will have to take pot luck."

"Do you mean to say he'll desert them?"

"What does he care for thim? The woods are full of actors."

"Do you really believe that Mr. Grab would do such a thing as that?"

"As he's done it siveral times before, he's likely to do it ag'in. Did yez iver know a leopard to change his spots?"

"Well, he won't play that game on this company, if I can stop him!" said Sam, in a decided tone.

"How will yez stop him? We've got to take the baggage to the station after the show to have it there in readiness for the 8:10 train in the mornin'. A train bound for the Junction, where we played last night, will stop at a quarter past twilve. If Mr. Grab is goin' to skip we'll find him at the station waitin' for that train. He'll tell us that the show is busted, and that we're goin' back to Chicago. If you ask about the company, he'll tell yez he's given thim tickets to come on in the mornin'. How are yez goin' to dispute his word? He may take us back to Chicago or he may drop us at the Junction—just as it suits him. All he's lookin' out for is to get the scenery and props back wid him, so he'll have thim ready for the nixt company he takes out."

"How can he take out a new company if he can't go on with this one?"

"He'll advertise for a backer, separate him from two or three hundred dollars, and that'll be enough to get him out ag'in."

"I don't believe that any of our people, outside of Unger, has much more than the price of a clean shave in their pockets. They expect Mr. Grab to cough up a few dollars all around in the morning."

"What, on the house we've had to-night?" grinned Micky.

"They expected a good house."

"Their expictations haven't panned out."

"Which is tough. If Mr. Grab leaves them stranded here, how will they get out of the village?"

"Ask me somethin' asy, begorra. Thim that can't ride must walk."

"Why, it's twenty miles alone to the Junction!"

"If it was fifty they'd be up ag'in it just the same."

Sam was about to reply, but the stamping of the small boys at the back of the hall for the play to go on became so insistent that Johnson, who was stage manager, told the young property man to hoist the curtain. At the close of the show the wagon hired to carry the box and scenes and the two trunks to the station was in readiness outside to receive them. In a very short time Sam and Micky had taken down and rolled up the two cloths used in the drama, and folded up the set pieces. The curtain was hoisted on an empty and darkened auditorium, and the scenes and set pieces replaced in the box. By that time the costumes, wigs, beards, and other articles were ready for packing. Sam turned the job over to

his assistant and stopped Unger as he was leaving the hall.

"Look here, Charley, there is a suspicion in my mind that Mr. Grab intends to take the 12:15 accommodation for Motley Junction," he said. "You know what that means. Before I have the baggage taken to the station I wish you'd find out whether the manager is at the hotel or not. If you can't find him, it will be a sure bet he's gone to the station and intends to skip. In that case we must find out where the justice lives, go to his house and get him to issue an attachment against the scenery and props. That will block Grab's game to carry them away with him. Then maybe we can manage some way to go on with the show ourselves."

"You're a good fellow, Sharpley, to give me the tip even if it amounts to nothing. In any case, forewarned is forearmed. If Grab skips, possession of the scenery and props will give us a chance to proceed on the commonwealth plan. Maybe we'll be able to keep out, even if we only make expenses."

"Well, hurry now, for there's no time to lose. The expressman is waiting," said Sam.

Unger rushed off to the hotel, only a few doors away. He soon found out that the manager was not about, nor was he in his room. He also learned from the proprietor that Downey Grab had taken his suitcase to the opera house to put the night's receipts in.

"Did he say that was what he wanted to use it for?" asked the comedian.

"Yes," replied the boniface.

That settled the case in Unger's mind. He hurried back to the hall.

"The old guy intends to shake us," he said to Sam. "Hold the baggage and send the expressman away till morning. I'll go out and swear out an attachment. The justice lives about four blocks from here."

"Wait, and I'll go with you. I've got a very important matter to see the justice about, myself," said Sam.

The expressman was dismissed, and then Sam and Unger started for the home of the justice, after seeing the hall locked up by the usher. After some trouble they located the house and pounded on the door till a window was raised, a man's head thrust out, and an impatient voice demanded to know what was wanted at that unseemly hour. Before Unger could explain, Sam shouted:

"We want to see you about a big robbery that was committed in the village this afternoon."

"A big robbery!" cried the magistrate, in astonishment. "Whose house was robbed?"

"Come down and I'll explain."

The justice shut the window and hastened to dress himself.

"Say, Sharpley, what kind of a game did you give the justice?" asked Unger. "Is that the way you thought you'd get him downstairs?"

"It's no game at all. A robbery was committed."

"How do you know?" asked the surprised comedian. "I haven't heard a word about it. If such a thing had been pulled off here the village would have been in a ferment over it, and we'd have heard about it."

"I don't know anything about that. All I know

is that when I woke up around five, on board that canal-boat where you and Robinson carried me —"

"How do you know that Robinson and me carried you there?" grinned Unger.

"It was an easy guess, for it was like you two to play such a prank. As I was saying, when I woke up I heard voices and saw two rough chaps inspecting a bag full of plunder which could only have come from some well-to-do person in this neighborhood."

"The dickens you say!" ejaculated the comedian, quite astonished.

At that moment the door opened and the justice stood in the doorway.

CHAPTER VII.—Grab Takes His Departure.

The justice saw that the boys were strangers, and he regarded them with some suspicion.

"May I ask who you are?" he asked.

"My name is Samuel Sharpley, and my companion's is Charles Unger. We are members of the dramatic company which performed at the opera house this evening," said Sam.

The theatrical profession did not seem to appeal favorable to the justice.

"Am I to understand that the robbery to which you referred was committed on a member of your company?" he asked in a frigid tone.

"No, sir; some residence in this neighborhood has been looted of valuables worth fully \$5,000."

"Five thousand dollars!" ejaculated the magistrate, clearly astonished.

"Yes, sir."

"How came you to hear of this robbery? I have heard nothing about it, and I would naturally be one of the first to learn about such a thing. When did this robbery happen?"

"I couldn't tell you, but judge some time before five this afternoon."

"Before five, and it is now nearly midnight. Excuse me, young man, if I say that it seems ridiculous that a robbery could have happened in this village this afternoon and yet not have been reported up to this house," said the justice, in a tone of disbelief.

"I admit that, particularly as it is a heavy robbery. I should have thought that everybody would have heard of it by this time."

"When and how did you learn about this alleged robbery?"

"I found it out about five o'clock, but the particulars can't be told in a minute."

"Come around to my office in the morning and I will hear the case."

"The manager is going to take the 12:15 train, and though I have had the box and trunk we wish to levy on locked up in the hall, Mr. Grab might succeed in getting possession of them before we could bring the case before you in the morning. I think that in justice to the people who are entitled to recover even a small part of what is due them, that you should try and protect them."

"Well, I will issue an order on the proprietor of the opera house forbidding him to let the articles in question out of his possession until the

matter has been decided at my office in the morning. Walk in, please."

The justice let Sam and the comedian into his library and pointed to seats. He drew a printed blank out of a pigeon-hole in his desk and filled it out in accordance with Sam's answers to his question. Handing them a testament, he said:

"You both swear that the facts herein set forth are the truth?"

Sam and Unger answered "yes."

"You serve that paper on Mr. Fox," said the justice, after signing it.

He handed it to Sam.

"You take this, Charley, hunt up the proprietor of the hall and give it to him," said Sam. "I've got to tell the justice about the robbery."

The magistrate gave Unger directions about finding Fox's house, and then the comedian took his leave. Sam, alone with the magistrate, told him the particulars about the stolen goods. The justice, whose name was Steele, could not but put faith in his story. The proof of the pudding, however, is in the eating, so he determined to investigate it at once. He aroused his gardener, and had him put the horse to the light wagon, and taking Sam and the man with him, Steele drove to the head of the creek where the canal-boat was moored. After pointing out the hollow tree where the burglars had left the bag, Sam led them to the hole where he had hidden it. The bag was found there, and a brief examination of its contents assured the justice that a robber had indeed been committed. It was loaded on the wagon and conveyed to the magistrate's home. After Sam had been directed to appear at Steele's office at nine in the morning, he started for the hotel, where he found Unger, Micky and a servant of the hotel waiting for him.

"Grab has turned up," said Unger.

"Then he didn't take the 12:15 for the Junction?" replied Sam.

"Begorra he didn't want to go without the scenery and props," said Micky. "Whin you and Unger went to see the justice I walked to the station, and there was Mister Downey Grab, as large as life, wid his grip in his hand, waitin' for the wagin to show up wid the stuff."

"What do you suppose he intends to do now?"

"He left a call for six o'clock for himself and you and Micky. He'll get you to hustle the baggage to the station before breakfast. Then he'll send you two back to the hotel to get your breakfast, and in the meanwhile he'll connect with the early accommodation, which I've found stops here at 7:40, for the Junction, and he'll take his property with him. That's his plan as sure as you live," said Unger.

"Did you serve that paper on Mr. Fox?" asked Sam.

"Yes."

"Then how will Mr. Grab be able to get his property to the station in the morning in time for the 7:40?"

"I forgot about that. He won't be able to."

Sam told the hotel servant, who was waiting for them to go to their rooms, to rub out the call for himself and Micky. When this was done all hands went upstairs. Sam and Micky were awakened by a great pounding on their door at fifteen minutes after six.

"What's that?" growled the Irish lad, sleepily.

Bang—bang—bang!

"Hello, there, what do you want?" demanded Sam, not quite awake.

"Get up," cried the voice of Manager Grab.

"Go chase yourself," replied Sam, lying down again.

Mr. Grab, seeing that he couldn't arouse his property man and Micky, determined to get the baggage to the station himself, but to do this he knew he would have to secure the co-operation of the proprietor of the opera house.

He found out where Mr. Fox lived from the hostler of the hotel, and hastened to his house. The express agent, who was an early riser, was in his yard doing something. Having been told by Unger that the manager intended to take the 12:15 train the night before, he was somewhat surprised to see him that morning. As Downey Grab had no time to lose, he came to the point at once—he wanted Fox to open the opera house so he could get the long black box and the property trunk as soon as the expressman arrived.

"Sorry," replied Fox; "but you can't have them."

"Can't have my property!" exclaimed the manager.

"No. An order, signed by the justice, has been served on me which directs me to hold the box and trunk until further notice."

Downey Grab was paralyzed. He jumped to the conclusion that the proprietor of the hotel had attached his property to make sure of being paid. This was a heavy blow to the manager, for he had not figured on paying the hotel man. He saw he couldn't get his property, so, turning on his heel, he walked away. On his way back to Main Street, he balanced what he guessed he owed the hotel against the value of his scenery and props, and though the difference was in favor of the latter, it was not large enough to induce the foxy manager to pay out a bunch of good money, of which his supply was rather limited. So he reluctantly decided to abandon the scenery and props, as well as his company. He went into a restaurant, had some breakfast, and then walked to the station. He persuaded the agent to take back the three tickets to Motley Junction and, with some addition of cash, give him a through ticket to Chicago.

Then he boarded the 7:40 train and shook the dust of Plainfield from his feet.

CHAPTER VIII.—Sam Gets a Reward.

Sam and Micky slept on till half-past seven, and joined the company in the dining-room for breakfast. Unger had said nothing as yet to his brother actors about the manager's purpose of leaving them stranded in the village. They had all brought their suitcases from their rooms, and as soon as they finished breakfast they walked outside to take the 'bus for the station. Then Unger called them all to one end of the veranda and broke the news to them. While he was doing this the proprietor was looking for Downey Grab to get his bill settled. Of course he couldn't find him, for Mr. Grab was by this time on his way

to Chicago, so he tackled Sam, as the most important person next to the manager in his opinion. He produced his bill and handed it to the young property man. Sam looked it over, noted the amount due, and handed it back.

"I'm not the treasurer," he said.

The boniface declared that the Downey Grab Stock Co., from the manager down, was a bunch of skins.

"Hold on," objected Sam. "We're not to blame. There is hardly a person connected with the show that isn't out more in salary than you are for accommodation."

He explained to the hotel man that Mr. Grab owed most of his people three full weeks' salary, and that there wasn't money enough in the crowd to take them a third of the way back to Chicago.

"Well, you can't remain in my hotel," said the boniface, doggedly. "If you had trunks I'd hold them. I might have known you were no good when I found out that you all had only suitcases."

He walked away in very bad humor, and Sam joined his friends. They were a very sick bunch indeed. They couldn't find words strong enough in the English language to express the sentiments they felt toward the recreant manager. The three actresses were as outspoken as the rest. If they could have laid their hands on Downey Grab at that moment they would have made him bald.

"What's to be done?" asked Johnson, in deep base tones.

"Continue the tour on our own hook," said Unger.

"On what? Grab has doubtless carried off the scenery and props."

"No, he hasn't. Sharpley put me wise last night to the manager's purpose and so I've attached the stuff."

"You did?" cried the company, in chorus.

"I did, at Sharpley's suggestion. I tell you, my professional friends, that boy has stood by us like a little major, and he is entitled to our thanks."

Sam was immediately voted a brick.

"It's going on to nine, Unger," said Sam. "We must move on to the office of the justice. Come along, Micky."

The whole company decided to accompany them.

As they were afraid to leave their suitcases at the hotel they carried them along and as a result they attracted considerable attention as they passed down Main Street. All hands filed into the office of the magistrate and took possession of the seats, followed by as many villagers as could crowd in. In a short time Justice Steele appeared. He took up the attachment case, heard the testimony of the witnesses—about half the company—after Sam and Unger had stated the facts, and decided that the company, as a whole, was entitled to levy on any property belonging to Downey Grab that was in sight.

Sam told the justice how much in the aggregate Grab owed his people, and then, prompted by Unger, estimated the value of the scenery and props. It fell considerably below their claims, so the magistrate signed an order turning the black box and the trunk of props over to the plaintiffs. The proprietor of the hotel got wind of the proceedings, and rushed into the office with

his claim, and a plea for attachment, too; but he was too late. The professionals, individually or collectively, owed him nothing, and as they had captured all the visible assets of the show there was nothing for him to levy on.

He retired more disgruntled than ever, swearing that the next troupe of actors that wanted to stop at his place would have to pay in advance or hunt for accommodations elsewhere. At that moment an excited man rushed into the office and told the justice that the residence of Lawer Benton, the richest man in the village, had been robbed while the family was away the previous day at Darien.

Tell Mr. Benton to call here and see me. You may also tell him that his stolen property has been recovered and is at my house. The thieves, however, have not been arrested so far, though the constables are out looking for them," said Justice Steele. "Young man," added the magistrate, turning to Sam, "I advise you to wait here till Mr. Benton arrives. Doubtless he will wish to reward you for the part you have played in the matter."

The members of the stranded stock company, Unger and the boys excepted, looked their surprise. Being ignorant of Sam's connection with the stolen property, they could not understand what he had done to entitle him to any reward. Unger beckoned them out into the street and put them wise to the matter, then he suggested that they return to the hotel and stay there for dinner at any rate, proposing that all hands chip in to the extent of their resources, and that he would make up whatever difference there was in the landlord's charge.

This suited the company, for they didn't know what else to do, so back they went to the hotel, and Unger tackled the landlord, made terms with him, collected the amount and paid it over in advance, as was necessary under the circumstances. Sam and Micky remained at the office of the justice. In the course of half an hour an automobile stopped at the door and lawyer Benton walked in. After saluting the justice, he said:

"My man reported to me that the silver service, jewelry and other articles stolen from my house has been recovered."

"That is a fact, Mr. Benton, and I congratulate you on your good fortune in getting them back. This young man, whose name is Sharpley, is entitled to your thanks in the matter. According to his story, the thieves would have carried your property to Chicago but for him. He will explain everything to you," said the magistrate.

"I'll be glad to hear your story, young man," said the lawyer.

Sam told it in a few words.

"Now, young man, you seem to be a stranger in this village," said the lawyer, looking at Sam.

"I am. I came here with the theatrical company which showed in the opera house last night. I am likely to remain here several hours at least, with the company, as the manager, owing to bad business, has left us all in the lurch—in other words stranded, with barely enough funds to pay our way."

"Indeed. That is a bad business for you all."

"Yes, sir; it's pretty touch on us."

"At least you shall have no cause to suffer. I will take care of you. Are you an actor?"

"No, sir. I'm the property man and business manager. This is my assistant, Micky Free."

"Well, you will come with us to Mr. Steele's house, and afterward to my own. Your assistant can wait your return at the hotel, where I suppose your company is stopping. If you are ready, Mr. Steele, we will go now."

The party boarded the auto and were soon at the magistrate's home. Lawyer Benton examined the contents of the bag and said that, as far as he could see, everything taken from his house was there. The bag was placed in the auto, which started for the Benton residence. Sam went along. The boy was introduced by the lawyer to his family, consisting of his wife, a pretty seventeen-year old daughter and a younger son, as the person to whom they were indebted for the recovery of their property. Sam was regarded with a great deal of consideration. Nothing was said about his connection with the theatrical profession. The lawyer took him into his library and told him that he thought his services were worth \$1,000, and he proposed to give him that sum. Sam was rather dazed by the amount.

The lawyer then inquired about Sam's connection with the company, and asked him what kind of an aggregation it was. Sam told him how he came to join Downey Grab's outfit, which was solely for the purpose of learning how to run a company himself, as his ambition was to become a theatrical manager.

"There's millions in it," he said. "if you can put out an attraction that will hit the public. I intend to be a successful manager some day, but, of course, I have to begin at the bottom of the ladder and climb."

"There is certainly money in the theatrical business if one has the ability to make it a success, just as there is a fortune in any other large enterprise for the man who is built the right way," said the lawyer. "You look smart, and if you are fitted for the theatrical business I see no reason why you should not succeed. The thousand dollars I shall presently turn over to you may be the nucleus from which you will carve a fortune, but it will all depend on yourself. Now I am also inclined to do something for these people who have been thrown over by their manager. You say you had no house last night."

"No, sir. It was an awful frost," said Sam.

"Well, I will use my influence to get you up a benefit at the opera house."

"They would appreciate your kindness very much. The majority of them have no money at all, and would have to walk out of the village unless I came to their aid, which, of course, I would do. I would allow none of them to suffer as long as I had a cent," said Sam, earnestly.

"You could put on the same piece that you played last night, since as you had a poor audience it would be as new to the people as anything else. What was the name of play?"

"The Lights of a Great City," replied Sam. "It's a stirring melodrama. We have three other pieces in our repertory. We use them when we play three nights in a town, changing the bill nightly. Perhaps the people here would prefer a rural drama. We have a very good one called 'Down on the Farm.'"

"You can suit yourselves. Have a talk with the

company, and then call at my office on Main Street—anybody will tell you where it is—before half-past four, and I will go into the benefit with you."

"All right, Mr. Benton, but there's no doubt but the company will accept your proposition joyfully, for they need the money," said Sam.

Sam was invited to remain at the lawyer's house for an early lunch, after which Mr. Benton took him to the bank in his auto and handed him the \$1,000.

CHAPTER IX.—Millions in It.

Sam found the company holding a symposium on the hotel veranda, and he laid before them the proposition of the proposed benefit. Needless to say that the offer was accepted by acclamation, and the Thespians voted the lawyer a brick and entitled to their most grateful thanks.

Sam went inside and interviewed the boniface. When the latter heard that Mr. Benton was going to engineer a benefit for the stranded people he became quite affable, for the lawyer was the most important person in Plainfield. All he wanted was some assurance of the fact.

"I'll see that you get it, Mr. Thompson," said Sam. "In fact, if the benefit is a good one we may pay half of the bill that the manager jumped, though we are in no way responsible for it."

The prospect of recovering half of his loss put the landlord in excellent humor, and his frown against the professionals disappeared entirely.

"Did yez get somethin' from the lawyer for savin' his property?" asked Micky, when Sam left the landlord.

"Yes; he acted quite liberal with me. He is a perfect gentleman," said Sam.

"How much did yez get?"

"I'd rather not say, Micky; but it was more than I expected."

Sam and Micky returned to the professionals, who were now fully decided on continuing the tour on their own hook with Sam as the manager. The expected benefit ought to furnish them with enough funds to give them all the start they wanted. Sam butted in and told them that he was going to run the show himself, on his own responsibility, if they agreed to sign with him at about the same salaries Grab had promised, but failed to pay them.

"We wouldn't mind having you for our angel, Sharpley, but where is your money coming from?" asked Robinson.

"The lawyer has backed me," answered Sam.

"The dickens he has!" exclaimed all in one voice, much astonished.

"We'll go with you," said Johnson. "What do you say, ladies and gents?"

There wasn't a note of dissent. Salaries, low but sure, were preferable to the precarious commonwealth plan, which guaranteed nothing. At half-past four Sam presented himself at Lawer Benton's office, and that gentleman went over the details of the benefit with him. The printing was to be got out at once at the Clarion office, and circulated the first thing in the morning.

Mr. Benton said he had already spoken to a number of his friends and acquaintances, and they had agreed to come with their families. Fox,

at his request, had consented to loan the hall at the bare cost of running it for the night. Half the village would hear about the benefit before the bills were out, so that only a moderate amount of advertising would be necessary. As soon as the benefit matter had been settled Sam asked the lawyer who the canal-boat in the creek belonged to.

"To me."

"Are you using it?"

"No. I have no use for it. I've tried to sell it, but nobody wanted it."

"What use can you make of it?"

"Who wants it?"

"I do."

"You!" exclaimed the surprised lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"What use can you make of it?"

"I'll tell you. My plan is to fit the hold up with sleeping and eating accommodations for the company, which is going out in a few days under my management, and on the deck I intend to build a small stage at one end, using the rest of the deck as far as the house cabin for the auditorium, which I shall enclose with a roof and sides of canvas to protect the audience from the weather," said Sam. "That is the first one of several ideas I have for making a million out of the theatrical business."

Mr. Benton sat back in his chair and stared at the boy.

"Upon my word, that is quite an original idea of yours, to conduct a marine theatre, but the question is, will it pay?" he asked.

"I feel sure that it will. I will be able to do away with railroad transportation to a considerable extent, also hotel and boarding-house charges. I can get the people to work for lower salaries by furnishing them with board and residence. It is a novel idea and will appeal to the company at the start, and if the idea does not grow upon them I shall be surprised. We can be a sort of happy family. We can keep out all year around, thus affording permanent employment to people who ordinarily are lucky if they are working half the time. The chances are all in favor of the getting their money, whereas under the management of such rascals as Downey Grab they received more promises than lucre."

"That's all very well, Sharpley, but you will be obliged to tour only the waterways of the States hereabouts."

"Not necessarily. After we get on our feet we can, after playing a river town, tour the immediate neighborhood by short rail trips, or even by wagon, leaving the boat anchored till our return in charge of a watchman. While on the boat I will save the customary thirty-five per cent. that the proprietors of opera houses ask. I will get the gross receipts, see?"

"Do you think people will patronize a marine theatre?"

"Why not? They will do it if only for the novelty. If I saw such a show advertised to-morrow I'd go to it to see what it looked like."

Before the boy had finished unfolding his plans, the lawyer, who had a leaning towards the drama, became somewhat enthused over the idea, too. He told Sam that if he ran short of funds in getting his marine theatre started he would

loan him enough to see him through. Sam thanked him, but said he hoped to be able to pull through without a loan.

"Darien is a large town, and I intend to play the company a week there while we are fitting up the boat, which I shall have towed down there the day after to-morrow if you will sell the boat cheap."

"You can have the boat for nothing, Sharpley, and welcome. I see no prospect of selling it except for firewood. If you can turn it to the use you are thinking of why take it. It will save you the cost of buying another elsewhere."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Benton, and I appreciate your generosity very much. Everything counts at the start, and even with the boat as a gift it will take about all of the \$1,000, and most of what I expect to pull in at Darien during next week, to get under way."

"I should judge it will; but if you need more don't fail to wire me and I will see that you get whatever you may need."

That ended the interview.

The lawyer went off home in his auto while Sam returned to the hotel, after stopping at the Clarion office and handing in copy for the benefit printing.

CHAPTER X.—Sam Gets Down To Business.

The bills for the benefit, which were delivered at seven next morning, read:

"To-night at the opera house. Under the auspices of Mr. George Benton and leading citizens of Plainfield a benefit will be tendered to the members of the late Downey Grab Stock Co., who are stranded in the village. The committee in charge of the affair has selected the beautiful pastoral drama of 'Down on the Farm' for representation. This drama has been played by various companies throughout the United States for more than 3,000 nights, and is still drawing crowded houses where presented. It is a play that appeals to every one. Don't miss this opportunity of seeing a play that will live in your memories for many a day. 'Down on the Farm' is a gem—a True Story of Human Hearts. The cast is a strong one, embracing the entire company. Prices, 10, 20, 30 cents. Reserved seats on sale at Brown's drug and Carter's stationery stores."

Sam and Micky spent the best part of the morning billing the village for the benefit. They found that most of the people knew about it already, for the news had flown from mouth to mouth. The bills, however, told them the particulars, and as a pastoral drama had not visited that place in many moons they felt a strong desire to witness "Down on the Farm." After dinner, the two boys, with a few bills in their clothes, started for the suburbs to circulate them among the farmers and their hired hands. Unger and Robinson went on the same errand in the opposite direction, while the rest of the masculine performers went out on the north and south sides of Plainfield. All had a common interest in drumming up a big house. On their way, Sam and Micky came in sight of the can-

alboat in the creek, and the former thought it a good chance to look the boat over. He told Mickey all about his scheme of a marine theatre, and the Irish lad was quite taken with the idea.

"Begorra, it's a great head yez have, Sam," he said. "Sure, our people will fale as happy as clams at low tide. No hustlin' to catch a train after the show, wid a walk to the boardin'-house at the nixt stoppin' place in prospect. All they'll have to do will be to slape, and ate, and dress for the show, and draw their salaries on Monday afternoon. Faith, it'll be a regular picnic for fair, so it will."

The boys went all over the boat, and Sam explained where the bunks for the men would be placed, and where those for the three women would go, with a dividing partition between with a door.

"The two sleeping-rooms will answer for dressing-rooms as well, and they'll be right under the stage, with a ladder apiece to reach it through a trap opening," said Sam. "Aft of the sleeping quarters will be the dining-room, provided with a long stationary table, with a bench on either side in place of chairs. The main hatch will have to be done away with and boarded over, as it will come about in the center of the auditorium. I'll have a small hatch made in the floor of the deck cabin, with a flight of stairs so that the dishes and food can be carried down that way. And I'll have the hold lighted and ventilated with a dozen small windows cut in the sides just under the deck. At night we'll use lamps to illuminate the whole boat."

They spent some time on the boat, and then they left to distribute the bills among such of the rural population as they could reach. As they were aiming for a certain farmhouse they saw in the near distance, they spied a very countrified fellow coming toward them with an axe over his shoulder. They stopped him and handed him a bill of the show. The farmer looked at it curiously. He read in big letters: "To-night at the Opera House." Then he uttered a howl, tore the bill into pieces and glared at the boys.

"For the love of Mike!" ejaculated Micky. "Has this chap escaped from a lunatic asylum?"

Sam was astonished at the farmer's conduct.

"What's the matter? Why did you destroy that play-bill?" he asked.

The ruralite swung his axe-handle menacingly.

"Get out of my way, you play-actors, or I'll bu'st your heads open," he cried.

"He's as mad as a March hare," said Micky. "The constables ought to be here to take charge of him or he'll be after doin' some wan an injury."

With an angry roar the farmer tried to carry out his threat. Sam grabbed the axe by the handle, while Micky seized the hayseed around the waist from behind. The boys found the husky chap a mighty hard proposition to handle. Fortunately for them two horsemen hove in sight at that moment. The newcomers rode hastily upon the scene, dismounted and interfered in the struggle. They were the head constable of Plainfield and one of his assistants.

"What's the trouble?" asked Constable White. "Why are you fighting with these boys, Pettigrew?"

"Sure the man is plum crazy, sor," said Micky.

"Play actors!" cried the farmer, pointing his finger at them. Sam explained the situation. The constable laughed.

"The sight of an actor or a play bill has the same effect on Pettigrew as a red flag on a bull," he said.

"Why does it?" asked Sam. "Is he off his base?"

"I think he is, a little. Four actors stopped at his farm all last summer, and never paid him a cent after the first week. They told him that they were big actors from Chicago, and that they expected money from there every day. In the end they decamped, leaving two cheaps trunks filled with stones behind. Since then nobody dares mention an actor to him, for it would end in a row."

"Oh!" said Sam. "Well, we're not actors. We're just distributing the bills for the benefit at the opera house to-night. The farmer's attack on us was unwarranted. We could have him arrested, but I guess we'll let him go this time if he apologizes."

The farmer, somewhat mollified by Sam statement, made an apology and continued on his way, leaving the constable and his assistant with the boys. The village guardian asked Sam if he was the boy who recovered Lawyer Benton's stolen property from the thieves. Sam admitted that he was, and gave the constable all of the facts. Then he and Micky continued on their way.

Next morning Sam called the company together and explained his plan to them. He asked them if they were willing to embark in it. They were, but wanted to know what he was going to deduct for board and bunk.

"Two dollars a week each for sleeping accommodations," replied Sam. "As for eating, the most satisfactory way will be to make mess charges. I will purchase all that is necessary in the way of good wholesome food and other things, keeping a regular book account of the same. At the end of each week the account will be added up and each person on board will be assessed pro rata to settle it. That will reduce the cost of board to a fair and equitable standard. The ladies of the company can volunteer to act as cook by turns, or we will hire one. In the latter case her wages will have to be met by an extra assessment."

The ladies declared they would do the cooking to save money.

"How long will it take you to get started?" asked Robinson.

"About a week," replied Sam.

"And we'll have to lay off during that time?"

"Not if I can secure the opera house in Darien. I am going there by the ten o'clock train to make arrangements for at least three nights if possible. As it is a manufacturing town of some size I think we ought to do well."

"When do you expect to get back—to-night?" asked Unger.

"Possibly; if not, I'll return to-morrow."

Sam went on to Darien, twelve miles away, alone. Before he went he and Mickey took the full measurements of the canal-boat, and he carried the figures with him. When he reached Darien the first thing he did was to call on the proprietor of the opera house. He introduced himself as the manager of Sharpley's Stock Co. The owner of the opera house told him that he had the whole of the next week open, and could give him any night or nights he wanted.

"Thursday, Friday and Saturday are the best nights for a good show," he said. "Saturday matinee always draws, too, if the bill is such as will attract ladies and children. What have you got to offer?"

"We have four plays: 'Lights of a Great city,' a city melodrama; 'Down on the Farm,' a rural play that appeals to the sympathies and is devoid of clap-trap; 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room,' and an old favorite, and 'The Girl of Golden Gulch,' a wild west drama."

"They ought to draw here, if you have a good company, for three nights and a matinee, starting Thursday with the city melodrama, following it with 'Ten Nights,' putting on the rural play at the matinee, and the Western drama Saturday night. Saturday night is the best of the week, for you'll catch the factory people, and they like something strong," said the proprietor.

Sam asked a lot of questions, and among other things he learned that the proprietor furnished an orchestra of three pieces, which could be supplemented by mutual arrangement; that his stock of scenery consisted of eight sets, comprising a garden, wood, landscape, street, dungeon, cottage, parlor and a salon with large entrance, which could be backed either with the garden or the parlor cloth; that the house was lighted throughout with electricity; that there were two real dressing-rooms under the stage; and that he furnished one stage helper.

The boy also learned that there were two papers in the town, one of which, the Times, came out every other day, and the other once a week, and that the proprietor of the opera house owned the bill-posting boards.

"What 'paper' have you?" asked the proprietor.

Sam had to admit that he had no printing at all, and then explained that the former manager of the show had skipped back to Chicago, and he had taken charge of the company himself and was starting anew.

"Last night we played to the capacity of the Plainfield opera house, and the people are resting till I can open up a new route," he said.

The proprietor looked rather glum at that, for it didn't speak well for the show, and he might have refused to take Sam on but for the fact that he was hard up for an attraction.

"I dare say I can get out what printing is required at an office here," went on Sam. "I can pay for the best."

"Yes, you can do that. I shall want four stands, 15 3-sheets, 50 1-sheets, 50 one-half sheets, besides the usual small bills, and I ought to have 75 lithos, but of course you can't furnish them. I'll go half on the newspapers."

"I'll put out a wagon, with a painted frame-

work, and our band inside. That ought to advertise the show well," said Sam.

"That will be first rate. You can send it through the factory streets and the business streets, and at night through the residential section."

The matter was duly arranged, and Sam hastened off to the largest printing plant in town and left an order, paying a bonus to have it all turned out by morning. He ordered some cards to be printed that afternoon, as he intended to call at the newspaper offices as soon as possible. While waiting for them he went down to the river front and inquired about a tug. He found there were two, one of which was laid up for lack of work, and which would answer his purpose. He arranged with the owner to go down to the creek and bring the canal-boat to Darien, together with his company, all their effects and the baggage. He then telegraphed instructions to Micky. After that he returned to the printing office and got his cards.

He visited the newspaper offices and saw the dramatic editors of each, and talked his show up. Then he arranged for an advertisement in each. By that time it was after five, so he went to a cheap hotel and registered.

CHAPTER XI.—Sam's Marine Theater.

The "paper" was promptly delivered at the opera house by nine next morning, and the proprietor called on his poster to put it out. This expense was to be charged up against the show. Sam looked up a carpenter and builder, gave him the dimensions of the canal-boat, told him what he wanted done, and asked him to estimate on the job. He called on two other carpenters, submitted his specifications, and requested a bid from each. Then he called on the proprietor of the opera house, who carried on a hardware store under the theater, which was on the second floor, and after a short talk about the show in hand, asked him if there was a scene painter in town.

"Yes, the man who painted some of my scenery has a house-painting shop around the corner. If you want anything in the scenic line he'll do it up in good shape, and cheap for cash," said the proprietor.

"I'll go around and see him," said Sam, and he did.

He told the painter what he wanted done, and the man said he could do it all right, and anything else in the theatrical painting line. Sam gave him the dimensions of the canvas that was to be used for the proscenium—three pieces, to be put together later on the framework.

He also furnished him with the size of the drop-curtain, and they decided on a subject between them—the bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in the distance, and the town in the background. The most important object was to be a fishing-smack in the middle foreground, with several gaudy-looking sailors on her, the whole brilliantly lighted up with sunset effects.

Sam paid him a suitable deposit and then

went down to the office of the tug owner to see if he had sent the tug to the creek. The tug had gone. Then Sam made arrangements with an expressman for so many hours continuous service as soon as he could get the framework built, and the canvas lettered—a job he had also given to the painter. He got the address of a cheap boarding-house from the proprietor of the opera house, called there and arranged for keep of the company as soon as they arrived. Then he went to his hotel for lunch, and found the estimates of the three carpenters awaiting him. He went over them carefully, while at the table, and finally selected the lowest bidder. After lunch he called on him and made a contract with him.

He walked around and inspected some of the posting, all of which was up. He felt like a real manager as he gazed on the big bills which informed the public that Sharpley's Stock Company, from Chicago, would play "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" at the matinee, and "Lights of a Great City" in the evening, at Lowe's Opera House, on the following day. The tri-weekly paper, which came out that afternoon, commented favorably on the Sharpley Stock Co. For lack of authentic information, and in consideration of the advertisement the editor had accepted Sam's flattering tale of his show, and printed it.

The Weekly Blade would be out next morning, and Sam had no doubt he would receive a similar favorable notice in that. As a matter of fact he did. Micky, the company, and the baggage arrived early next morning on the canal-boat. The baggage was sent to the opera house and the company to the boarding-house. At nine o'clock the express wagon appeared in front of the opera house, with its large transparency roughly lettered in red and black, as follows, on both sides, and the rear end:

"Lowe's Opera House—Sharpley's Stock Company—Matinee, two p. m., 'Ten Nights in a Bar-Room.'—This evening at Eight, 'Lights of a Great City'—A Thrilling Melodrama of city life.—Popular Prices, 10, 20 and 30 cents."

The male performers, with their instruments, supplemented with a bass and snare drummer combined, got in, and then the driver, having his directions, started off at a walking gait. The music soon attracted attention, and the town gradually learned about the show that was in the place. After parading a couple of the main streets the wagon proceeded to the residence section to notify the ladies and children about the matinee. At half-past twelve it dumped the performers out at the boarding-house for dinner. The driver then got his own dinner at a restaurant and spent the afternoon in driving around with the bass and snare drummer.

In the meantime Sam had piloted the carpenter down to the canal-boat, and they went over the plans again, which required some alteration. The stage was to overlap the bows of the boat a few feet on either side, and was to have a depth of ten feet inside the curtain or proscenium line, in front of which it was to extend two feet more. The opening was to be nearly the full width of the boat, and ten feet high, and there would be three feet of space in the flies for hanging the scenery. The customary grooves were to be provided for in the wings, and when completed it

promised to be quite a practical little theatre. Sam returned to the hotel for lunch, and then went directly to the opera house. Already there was a line of small boys, and some girls respectably attired, waiting for the box office to open. The proprietor supplied both a box clerk and a door tender, and all Sam had to do was to stand on the door and keep watch for his own interests. The company had already arrived and were getting ready. Sam had tipped them off to do their best, as everything depended on the show given that afternoon and evening. Modern costumes being mostly used in both pieces, their small stock sufficed to see them through.

Mickey and the regular stage hand were able to do all the work, so there was no cause for Sam to worry himself about that. Stage manager Johnson would see that everything went right. The opera house was well filled when the overture began, and the ladies and young people were coming in in encouraging numbers. When the curtain rose on the first act there was not an empty seat left. At the close of the first act Sam went to the box office to count the house. His share amounted to \$91, which he received. Between the third and fourth act he treated the audience to his cornet solo, and, as usual, scored a hit.

The company gave a good performance of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and the spectators were satisfied they had got the worth of their money. The actors went back to the boarding-house for their supper in good spirits. Sam went to his hotel in good spirits, too, for he looked for a big house that evening. He was not disappointed. The sign S. R. O. (standing room only) was put before eight. People continued to buy general admission tickets, however, knowing they would have to stand at the back of the house, or along the side walls. Sam collected \$102 from the proprietor as his share of the night performance.

The total of both shows amounted to \$193. Out of this sum he had to pay for the bill posting, half of the newspaper advertising, and some other small bills. The printing and the expressman he had already paid, but on his book he properly deducted the amount from his receipts. The actors were not under regular contract with him yet, and would not be until his marine theatre began its watery tour. They were to pay their own board and receive pay only for the performances in which they took part. Sam got his other three dates for the following week, and on Monday he got out fresh printing, and arranged for the paper he intended to use on his water route.

"The Lights of a Great City" was repeated on Thursday night to a full house. "Ten Nights in a Barroom" enjoyed good business on Friday night. "Down on the Farm" filled the theatre at the Saturday matinee, and "The Girl of Golden Gulch" drew another packed house in the evening. The four performances brought Sam in \$375, with a total of \$568 for the six. After settling all expenses for the six shows, including seven days' salary to his company, at the Downey Grab rate, he found he had made a profit of \$200. Seats for about 300 people had been put aboard the boat, and on Sunday morning everything was ready for the transfer of the company to their new quarters. The Times printed an interesting story

of the marine theater on Wednesday and that attracted many people to the wharf where the canal-boat was moored in the hands of the carpenters and painters. A reporter of the Saturday Blade photographed the nearly completed theatre on Friday afternoon, and a half tone reproduction of it appeared next morning in the paper, with another story.

That brought quite a crowd on Sunday morning. Sam determined to take advantage of it, and he put up a sign announcing that a special performance would be given that afternoon—admission 10, 20 and 30 cents. He was sorry now that he had not advertised a show in the Blade, but the idea had not struck him in time. However, whatever was taken in would be clear gain, even if it was only a slim attendance. The news that a performance would be given at the new marine theatre was circulated around by those who visited the wharf in the morning, and as a result so many people came that they could not all be admitted. Sam took in about \$80 at the portable box office he had built for the purpose. The hastily arranged show consisted of one act from "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and an act from "Down on the Farm."

CHAPTER XII.—The Marine Theatre Starts.

"Begorra, if yez kin draw the people like vez did on Sunday and last night yez will do mighty well, I'm thinkin'," said Micky, on Thursday morning.

"Yes, I did very well, but I can't expect to always have a full house," said Sam.

"Oh, I dunno. Faith, this is a great novelty, and I'll bet people will come to the boat that might not go to the opera house. Are yez goin' to give another show on Saturday night?"

"I'd like to, but there's a big attraction at Lowe's theatre on Saturday—a New York company in 'The Girl and the Curl.' We've done this town pretty well, and I don't know that they will stand for any more from us, particularly as I have nothing new to offer."

"Where do yez open nixt?"

"At Leesville, ten miles down the river. I'm figuring on taking the boat down there for a show on Saturday night. The scenery we are waiting for can be sent to us by rail next week. We don't need it for 'Down on the Farm,' so I could put that on the bill for Saturday night."

"That would be just the thing, begorra. Why don't yez do it?"

Sam called on the owner of the tugboat and told him that his contract would begin next day when he was to tow the marine temple of the drama down to Leesville. After dinner, leaving the boat in charge of Micky, he took the train for the next town, with a bundle of small printing, for he didn't believe that the proprietor of the Leesville opera house would rent him his billboards. Reaching his destination, he registered at one of the hotels for the night, and started out to learn what if any attraction he would be up against on Saturday. The boardings showed him that a repertory company, somewhat like his own, held the date. Its paper was all over town. The fact that he would have opposition did not bother Sam a whole lot. He hired an expressman for

Saturday, and gave a painter an order for a transparency reading as follows:

"Sharpley's Stock Co.—At the New Marine Theatre, Taylor Wharf—Matinee to-day at two: 'Down on the Farm'—to-night at eight: 'Girl of Golden Gulch.'—Popular Prices 10, 20 and 30 cents. Change of bill for Sunday matinee and night."

Then he telegraphed Micky to bring on the show and make fast to Taylor's wharf where he had secured dockage. Leesville had two weekly newspapers, one of which came out on Saturday. Next morning he went to the office of that paper and inserted an advertisement, saw the editor and talked up his show. Then he hired a stout boy to help him with a pastepot and a bunch of single-sheet posters which read: "To-night—Sharpley's Stock Company.—At the Marine Theatre on the river front—Popular Prices 10, 20 and 30 cents."

Over the word "To-night" he put a paster reading: "Saturday and Sunday afternoon at Two, Evening at eight," and at the bottom, "Taylor's Wharf."

He slapped these up all over town where he could find a vacant and suitable spot, and they attracted a lot of attention. He missed his dinner at the hotel, as he didn't finish till about four o'clock, but a restaurant furnished him with a meal as soon as he was done. Then he went down to the wharf and found that his floating show had just arrived. Quite a bunch of curious people had gone down to Taylor's wharf to see what the marine theatre was, and were in time to see the tug bring it down the river with the band playing at intervals and the streamers labeled "Sharpley's Stock Co." and the "Marine Theatre," flying fore and aft.

Another crowd of idlers was on hand in the morning. The express wagon came down there to get the band, after which it paraded the principal streets. The advance agent for the repertory show that was to give the matinee and evening performance at the opera house visited the wharf about the time the wagon started. He inquired for the manager, and Sam was pointed out to him.

"Are you Mr. Sharpley?" he asked.

"That's my name," said Sam.

"My name is Nick Whiffle. I'm advance agent for the Gourlay Company that plays the opera house this afternoon and to-night. Allow me to hand you my card."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Whiffle. Step aboard."

The advance agent accepted the invitation, for he was curious to see what the marine theatre amounted to. The auditorium was covered in with canvas, and ventilated like a circus tent. Three hundred folding camp-chairs, with backs, faced the stage, with an aisle in the center. The staunch supports that held up the canvas were painted white and decorated with small flags, and to each was secured a lamp with a reflector.

"Upon my word, you have a nobby little theatre," the agent was obliged to admit. "But I don't see how you can do much business down on the river front when you have opposition at the opera house."

"Maybe you'll see this afternoon. I give a matinee at two, and so does your company. You

have had all the advantage of the boardings and earlier posting, but I've done my best to advertise my show since I came to town Thursday night. This theatre is a novelty and ought to draw. Besides I have a good company. They're actors, not hamfatters."

"Is this your own scheme?"

"It is—one of my ideas for the beginning of making a million in the show business."

"A million in the show business, eh?" grinned the advance man.

"Why not? There's millions in it. It only needs a person with ideas to dig it out."

"It takes something besides ideas—money and nerve."

"Half of the traveling managers depend wholly on the latter."

The agent grinned.

"I hope you'll have a house this afternoon, but I'm afraid we'll keep the crowd away from you," he said.

"I'm not worrying about that. I think the marine theatre will get its share."

The advance agent didn't believe it. His company had a New York attraction, and he was of the opinion that no other show could buck against it successfully. Sam treated him, and then they parted. The ladies of the marine show had dinner ready when the express wagon brought the male contingent back from the parade at half-past twelve. Before dinner was over a crowd began to collect on the wharf, which grew rapidly with numerous accessions. Woman and children were in the majority. Sam began selling tickets at a quarter-past one, and the people fairly stormed the portable box office on the wharf. At twenty minutes of two every seat in the house was taken, and the S. R. O. sign was displayed. Finally even standing room was at a premium, every available place having been taken. Ladies and children were still coming, and Sam was reluctantly obliged to turn them away.

As it was a warm day, and fans were in requisition, Sam conceived the idea of casting off from the wharf, and giving his audience a cool sail while the show went on. He communicated with the man in charge of the tug. The banked fire was started up and by the time the first act was on the marine show was under way down the river. The sail was an unexpected luxury, and the spectators were delighted with it. The show at the opera house in the meantime had a very slim attendance.

Some of the people turned away from the marine theatre went there late, but altogether it looked like a frost. Sam took in nearly \$100, and he got every cent of it. The boat returned to the wharf before the last act was finished and was made fast again. After supper the band played for a while, and by seven there was a rapidly accumulating mob on the dock all waiting to get on the boat. At fifteen minutes to eight Sam had sold as many admissions as he dared, for every seat, nook and corner of the auditorium was filled.

CHAPTER XIII.—Down the Illinois.

After the show the soubrette came up and asked Sam and Micky why they didn't come to the

deck cabin and get the coffee and sandwiches that were ready there.

"Everybody is through, but you two," she said. "Come on."

So they went to partake of the light midnight repast. The marine theatre was packed next day at both performances and Sam took in nearly \$200 more. The show had evidently caught on.

Many of the people who had witnessed the performance the day before were there again, because a change of bill had been announced.

"Ten Nights in a Bar-room" was given in the afternoon, and "Lights of a Great City" at night.

The boat remained at the wharf, and probably some people were disappointed, as they looked for a sail; but the show was going to leave town in the morning for Streater, so Sam saw no use in burning extra coal. His contract with the owner of the tug was a certain sum per day, which included the wages of the engineer and two men.

The cost of running her above that fell on Sam also, as the boy thought it a more economical arrangement for him than to pay a lump sum to the owner, who was certain to figure the margin in his own favor. Sam and his company were asleep when the tug men, in accordance with their orders, unmoored the floating theater and started on down the Illinois with her. Sam was on deck when they approached Streater. It was quite a town, and from what the young manager had heard about it he expected to do good business there, if counter attractions didn't knock him out. The tug brought the boat alongside of the main wharf, but she was not made fast until Sam had arranged for wharfage rights. Monday being a poor show night, Sam decided to open up on Tuesday with a matinee.

There was nothing at the opera house till Wednesday night, and the posters indicated that it was some alleged Chicago success. Sam got out his bills with Micky's help and then sent his band out in the wagon. He counted more on that than all the rest of his billing put together. He had already written to Lawyer Benton, detailing results up to that point, which he felt proud of. When the lawyer got his letter he decided to go on to Streater by rail and take a look at the marine theater. He arrived about noon, Tuesday, and Sam was surprised to see him step on board the boat.

"Is this really my canal-boat, or rather the one I presented to you, Sharpley?" the lawyer inquired, after they had shaken hands.

"Yes, sir; this is the boat that lay in the creek at Plainville when I got possession of her," replied Sam.

"You're made a great change in it."

"Naturally it made a great change to transform it into a floating theater and boarding-house combined."

"When I came to think your scheme over critically I had my doubts if you could work your ideas out."

"Well, you see I have. Come, let me show you over the boat. Most of my people are away on the band-wagon, as I call it, advertising the show. We give a matinee this afternoon, and a regular performance to-night. We repeat the same to-morrow if the prospects look encouraging enough.

Then we'll move on to Phoenix, for four performances are about all I think this town will stand."

Sam took the lawyer all over the boat, and Mr. Benton declared that Sam's ingenious arrangements truly surprised him. One of the actresses was setting the table for the half-past twelve dinner and Sam pressed Mr. Benton to stay and dine with them.

The lawyer accepted the invitation to eat with the company, and shortly afterward the actors arrived with fine appetites. Sam had a fair house that afternoon, taking in about \$50. He explained to Mr. Benton, who stayed to the show, that he had had double the number at his first six performances.

After the show, Mr. Benton bade him goodbye, told him to write regularly so that he would know how he was getting on and then took his leave. That night Sam had a good house, nearly every seat being taken. The house programmes announced that the bill would be changed on the following day. On the following morning the wagon with the band paraded the streets again, and Sam had a good attendance at both shows. The young manager continued to do well as the boat progressed down the Illinois River.

He abandoned his idea of making side trips by rail to towns near the river as he would lose time in making arrangements with managers of opera houses and in advertising the show; besides it was better to stick to his marine theater than to give up the customary percentage. He made trips up some of the larger tributaries of the stream when he thought it would pay, and it generally did more or less. At last the marine theater, after a successful run of many weeks, entered the Mississippi just above the town of Grafton, which had a population of about 1,000, and was made fast to the principal dock.

CHAPTER XIV.—Early Morning Intruders.

By this time Sam had quite a bunch of money, and its safety was a source of uneasiness to him, as he had no place to put it except in a tin box he had bought at Dexter. Several times he had been on the point of purchasing a small safe, but owing to the rush of business on his hands he had put it off. He kept the tin box hidden in a locker of the deck cabin, and as the three women were in or around there most of the time, for they still continued to officiate as cooks, he had confidence enough in them to believe that it was perfectly safe. As there wasn't a week so far that he hadn't added something to his profits, and some weeks it amounted to considerable, his pile had steadily grown larger, until now, as we said, it was quite large.

As the company, with the exception of Micky, slept in the hold well forward, he had no protection at night, when lying alongside a wharf, but the revolver he had bought and his general assistant, who was two years younger than himself. They hauled into Grafton late on a Wednesday afternoon, and Micky immediately went ashore to purchase groceries, and the meat needed for the evening and morning meal. The leading lady furnished him with a list of the stuff required, and

Sam gave him a bill to pay for the goods. The converted canal-boat attracted attention along the water front at Grafton, just as it had at every town they stopped at. It was a novelty, and there largely lay the success he had achieved thus far.

If they reached a town in the forenoon they played there that night, and sometimes started with a matinee at two. Under such circumstances it was almost a waste of energy and printing to bill the place except superficially. Sam noticed several suspiciously rough characters lounging about on the Grafton wharf when he went ashore to see about dockage fees and to attend to other matters connected with the show. The man who owned the wharf was at his office, and Sam came to terms with him. Standing outside the door he noticed a small safe, about two feet and a half high, and proportionately wide and deep, such as sell new for about \$50. There was a "For Sale" sign on it, and the words "Inquire within."

"How much do you want for that safe outside?" he asked the man.

"Twenty dollars," was the reply.

"Is it in good condition?"

"First class. I'll let you look at it."

The man took him outside and opened the safe. As far as Sam could see it appeared to be all right.

"I'll give you \$15 for it, delivered on board my boat," said Sam.

"I'll let you have it for that if you'll take it away yourself."

"No," said Sam, "I won't buy a safe unless it's delivered."

The man finally agreed to deliver the safe if Sam was willing to pay another dollar. Sam said he wouldn't stand on a dollar if the man would have it put on board at once. The owner consented, and the deal was made. When Sam got back to the boat the safe was in the deck cabin. The only available spot for it to stand was near the door, and there it had been left. The first thing the boy manager did was to arrange a new combination of his own, and lock his money box and account books up in it. For the first time in some weeks he felt easy about his funds.

"So yez have got a safe at last," said Micky. "Begorra yez naded it badly. It's mesilf has been afraid ye'd be claned out some fine night whin we were both aslape. Now yez kin fale asy in your mind about your money, for it would take more than a thafe or two to carry off that hefty bunch of stale."

"That's right. Only a burglar with the proper tools and experience with safes could get into it," said Sam.

"He couldn't do it without making a power of noise, and that would wake us up, and thin things wouldn't be healthy for him," said Micky.

"He'd be apt to fix us beforehand so we couldn't interfere."

"And while he was tryin' to fix wan of us what would the other be doin'?"

"It isn't likely he'd be alone. Those chaps always go in pairs when there's not more of them."

"Well, we're got a couple of bolts on the dure. That's somethin'. I'll bet no chap could get through thim bolts widout wakin' me up."

At that moment the soubrette called them to

supper, so their conversation came to an end for the time being. While they were all at supper many curious people came down to the wharf to look at the floating theater. Micky had placed a billboard outside which announced that the stirring Western play, "The Girl of Golden Gulch," would be performed on the following evening, with a matinee at two, and a bunch of people gathered around it to study the information in the gathering darkness. Then they looked at the boat, and many wondered how a real play could be performed on board of her.

"Say, mister, is that a floatin' opera house you have there?" a spectator asked Sam when he appeared at the gangway entrance.

"Yes, sir," replied the young manager.

"Then you have a stage, and scenery, just like they have at theaters?"

"We surely have. Step on board and you can see for yourself."

Sam told Micky to light a couple of lamps at the wings so the man could see that there was no fake about the stage. As soon as Micky had done so Sam invited the rest of the crowd to take a look, too, for he knew they would tell all about what they had seen and that would prove an advertisement for the show. The crowd was satisfied there was no flim-flam about the theater and they made many inquiries about the play. Sam puffed up the drama and the crowd went away to carry the news to their friends and acquaintances. A few loungers remained and Sam noticed that two of them were particularly hard-looking characters. He called Micky's attention to them and his assistant agreed that they would stand watching. In the course of an hour, however, they went away, after the rest had departed, and the wharf remained silent and deserted.

"There're gone at last," said Sam; "but I wouldn't be surprised if they came back in the early hours of morning and ventured on board to see what they could pick up. Their actions were decidedly suspicious."

"Thin we'd better kape a watch. It won't do to let thim stale a march on us. They might try to run away wid some of the sates, if nothin' else."

"I ought to hire a regular watchman and take him along on the boat. It doesn't pay to take chances. Some evil disposed person might come aboard and set fire to the stage and put me out of business for a while."

"That's right. Yez niver kin tell what some people will do," said Micky.

So it was decided that they should stand a two-hour watch alternately until morning—something that Sam had not considered necessary before. They cast lots to see who should take the first spell, and it fell to Micky so Sam turned in for two hours. Micky aroused him at one o'clock, and informed him that nothing had happened. Sam, with his revolver in his pocket, took up his post near the entrance gangway, which was closed with a canvas curtain, secured at each side. It offered no bar to an interloper resolved to get on board.

In fact there were lots of chances for a person to get on the boat in a clandestine way. Sam's two-hour spell had almost elapsed without anything occurring, and he was beginning to think that the marine theater would not be molested,

when he saw two shadowy figures slouching toward the boat.

"By George! Here come two men now, and their errand can't be an honest one, for they have no right here at this hour," muttered the young manager.

He watched them through a narrow opening in the side of the canvas door. They paused at the edge of the wharf and listened. The gang-plank, with its protected sides, had been taken on board, but it was a simple matter for a fairly active person to step across the two feet of space which lay between the stringer of the wharf, pull the canvas door aside after cutting the cords that held it, and then spring on the deck of the craft. That is exactly what the rascals decided on doing, as Sam, who was prepared for them, supposed they would do. Confident that the coast was clear, one of the men stretched his left leg out, and gaining a foothold on the edge of the boat, put out his hand to see how the canvas was held in place. As he bent forward, straddling the watery two feet, Sam shoved the muzzle of his navy revolver in his face, and said, in resolute tones, "Skip!"

Taken completely by surprise, the rascal started back, lost his hold and shot down between the boat and the wharf, like a demon vanishing through a stage trap in a spectacular play, hitting the water with a loud splash, and going under.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

His companion had not observed the cause which led to his discomfiture, and supposed his associate's foot had slipped and thus precipitated him into the river. He uttered an exclamation of disgust and looked down into the water. But Sam woke him up by firing his revolver so close to his head that he uttered a howl and fell back on the wharf, thinking he had been shot. When he found that he had not been touched, he scrambled to his feet and beat a hasty retreat, leaving his pal to his fate. That individual rose, blowing like a grampus, grabbed a convenient pile and hung on. The water was too deep for him to touch bottom, and he could not swim. He was afraid to climb up lest the person with the revolver should fire at him as he had done at his companion. The report of the weapon had aroused Micky, and he came running out of the deck cabin with a club in his hand. He immediately jumped at the conclusion that the shooting had happened on the boat, and he ran forward.

"Where are yez, Sam?" he cried out.

"Here I am, Micky," replied Sam, who had been watching the rascal in the water, drawing in his head. "Come here."

"Who did yez shoot at?" asked his assistant, coming up.

"A pair of rascals who tried to steal on board," answered Sam. "One has run away and the other is down in the water, clinging to a pile. Look at him."

Micky poked his head out and could just see the outline of the half-immersed man. At that moment a night watchman in the neighborhood came running down the wharf. Sam called to him and explained the circumstances. Micky got a rope and threw it down to the rascal.

"Catch hold, ye thafe of the wurruld, and we'll pull yez up."

When Sam and Micky got him up to a level with the stringer, the watchman seized him by the collar and yanked him up the balance of the way. Sam asked the watchman to take him to the station-house, promising to make a charge against the man in the morning. In the course of the morning Sam appeared at the magistrate's court and made his complaint against the prisoner. The man denied that he and his pal intended to board the vessel for an unlawful purpose, declaring that they were drunk and did not know what they were about. The watchman testified that the fellow seemed to be perfectly sober, and Sam said the same thing. As the fellow had really not got aboard the boat the magistrate sentenced him to thirty-five days in the county workhouse, and that ended the matter.

The company showed that afternoon and evening to two fair-sized houses considering the size of the town, and Sam carried away over \$100 above his expenses. The boat then started up the Mississippi. It is not our purpose to follow the marine theatre further, as our space will not permit. We will simply say that Sam followed the route which Micky had, in general terms, outlined, and the novelty of the show made it a big financial success to the young manager. Altogether they were out two years by the time they reached Pittsburgh, via the long Ohio, and Sam had a big stack of yellow bills in his safe, enough to build a mighty fine new floating theatre, with its own motive power, electric lighting and up-to-date accommodations for his company, for he was resolved to continue the business that way and still leave a balance to run his show. The new floating theatre, had a seating capacity of 500 seats and standing-room for 150 more. With this outfit Sam and his enterprise retraced their way back over the Ohio to the Mississippi, and for years the young manager did a land office business, and from last accounts in the theatrical papers he was still running the show that had demonstrated there was "Millions in It."

Next week's issue will contain "THE MYSTERY OF A MINING CHART, AND THE WALL STREET BOY WHO SOLVED IT."

"Moving Picture Stories," No. 308, contains an article entitled "HOW TO BECOME A MOVIE ACTOR." Buy a copy. Price 7 cents; postage free. HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

CURRENT NEWS

GIRLS KILL SNAKE

Annie Fisher of Yorkville, and May Rose of York Farm, while gathering dandelions on Cottage Hill, Pottsville, Pa., were attacked by a blacksnake over three feet long. The snake had been stirred out of its winter home by a farmer plowing and was in an angry mood. After the girls recovered from their first fright they killed the snake and brought it home as a trophy.

HER NOSE IS HER FORTUNE

Girls are making fortunes from their noses in France and England. They enter the profession of scent seekers, and find new perfumes for the ladies of wealth, power and the stage.

Many English girls are trained in London scent firms, while some study the art in the Riviera flower gardens. Some of these students open shops of their own in Bond Street, where \$10,000 a year is no rare figure for the profits of a year.

An actress paid \$5,000 a year or two ago to have the sole use of an appealing new perfume.

BOYS PLAY MOVIES, 1 HANGED TO DEATH

A tragedy which occurred in the city of Perpignan, in the Pyrenees region, has again raised the question in France of the ill influence of moving pictures on children.

A few boys between 10 and 12 years of age were playing when one suggested that they should play moving pictures. They selected for their reproduction the hanging scene they had recently seen in a film drama. One of the little boys played the part of the man who was to be lynched. He stood on a chair and the noose was slipped around his neck. The chair fell from under his feet and he remained swinging in the air. A woman, alarmed at the cries of the frightened children, rushed to the rescue, but when she cut the rope and took the child down he was dead.

DANDELIONS FOR THINNESS

Health Commissioner Robertson of Chicago, Ill., put his flying squad of fat girls through a new exercise the other day. This was to go in the park, pick dandelions and later eat them by the peck. The total lost tissue now totals 210 pounds, taken off twenty-four circular women ambitious to be perfect 30s. One has dropped sixteen pounds.

Florence Peters keeps a diary, which says of the process:

"Friday, May 7—There's one advantage of being on a diet. You don't have to bother about what to order for dinner. Dr. Robertson attends to all that for you, and you've got to hand it to him at that, for making out peachy menus.

"He has added dandelion greens to our diet. This morning I went down to Lincoln Park to gather dandelions. I picked for two hours.

"Picking dandelions is a back-breaking job, but a good bending exercise, and it ought to produce good results. I would not care for it as a steady thing. Quite a gallery of nursemaids

watched me; also a man who was lying on a bench with his shoes off."

KING BUILT 72 TOMBS TO CONFUSE HIS FOES

The Ming tombs near Peking, are the most famed tombs of China. But in the matter of tomb building the Emperor of the "Three Kingdoms," 220-265, A. D., greatly exceeded the Mings. He ordered his son to build for him 72 tombs, so that his enemies would not know which contained his body.

Another Chinese Emperor built, peopled and garrisoned a city near a tomb he had built to contain his own body. The tombs of the kings of the "Six Kingdoms," in Shantung, though now only earthen pyramids, terraced with little fields, have the air of the pyramids.

The Manchus followed the Chinese custom and law in respect to their ancestors. Solemn juniper forests enclose their sepulchres, which are approached through magnificent p'ai-lous, and preceded by stately buildings.

There are five imperial Manchu burial places. The original is at Hsin-King, Eastern Manchuria, and is called the Yung Ling. Two are at Mukden and two in the region of Peking.

THE ROBIN'S FOOD

A long time ago some one got the notion that the common American robin is a foe to the orchardist and berry grower. The alleged discovery was promptly published broadcast and the fruit grower loaded his shotgun and went forth to slay the robin.

The fruit grower's investigation into the food habits of the robin went no further than observing that he sometimes ate cherries. It never occurred to the man with the shotgun to examine the contents of his victim's stomach. If he had done so with a mind open to conviction a surprise would have met him. The robins do eat early fruit, but the quantity is small in proportion to the number of insects they destroy.

The robin's diet consists chiefly of moths, butterflies, caterpillars, earthworms, cut-worms and other creatures that the farmer can very well spare. The small fruit that the bird consumes is only his dessert after meat.

If the robin plucks small apples from one's trees, it would be well to examine the apple before killing the bird. He may be doing one a great service. Probably you will find that he has not eaten the young apple, after all, but has dropped it on the ground. A little further investigation will show that it contained a larva of the destructive codling moth; the bird was not after the apple, but the larva.

Nestling birds live wholly on insect food. There were once watched a pair of robins that had their nest on a porch cap. From the time the young were hatched until they were ready to leave the nest the parents visited them on the average once every fifteen minutes, and brought at each visit from one to three insects.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VI (Continued)

"After we left the ship," remarked Dr. Carr, "I noticed after each return down that defile for stores and wreckage that the bow remained intact and immovable."

"Would it be possible for any one to hide there, do you think?"

"Yes. That is if no unusual storm came up, like the one that cast the poor old ship up so high. The stern was quickly washed away, but the bow is doubtless there yet."

Somehow this conclusion, which all felt to be probable, made the girl vaguely uneasy.

"It don't seem probable that, if Rucker is alive, he would have remained away from our camp." This from Hawley, who was laboriously trying to beat out a path around the ledge of a drift.

"I differ with you," said Dr. Carr. "Especially if he came across any more of our crew that failed to join us. One thing I did not mention at camp, because I thought it might alarm Captain Barclay. In his helpless condition, useless worries are bad for him."

"What is it you are alluding to, doctor, for you went back to the ship much more than I?" said Joe, who had at that time been kept busy rearing the camp and making things secure for the winter.

"Twice on my return with one of the sailors I noticed that cases of provisions were gone—had utterly disappeared."

"Might it not have been done by bears or sea walrus?"

"So far as known, there are no bears along the islands or on the barrier. What there is inland we have yet to find out. Another thing that so puzzled me I did not mention it at the camp, for the same reason that kept me from making known the missing cases of pemmican. The boat sled was also gone."

"I suppose that it was washed off when the stern broke away from the bow," said Hawley.

"On the contrary, I and one of the sailors drew it from the wreckage on one of our trips after provisions. On the next trip, it, too, was gone. Not being able to explain these things, I—I kept silence at camp, for the reason I have stated."

"I just know that Rucker is at the bottom of all this!" exclaimed Madge. "We will have more trouble with him yet. To think that my father's chief mate should turn out to be such a—a vile fellow!"

The two sleds were then traversing a higher canyon, filled with snow drifts, while here and there treacherous abysses yawned.

"I may be mistaken," said Ord, calling to Carr, "but I thought I saw a man ahead of us, on top of that glacier."

He pointed at an icy summit beyond the treacherous defile along which they were slowly plodding.

It cannot be," exclaimed Hawley, who was in advance, with the rope from his waist connecting with Dr. Carr and the first sled.

"Look!" cried Joy, pointing upward.

"Where?" began Hawley, when a scream from the girl interrupted Joy's further explanation.

"He's gone—gone!" gasped Madge, bracing herself. "Watch out, doctor! Hold back!"

Joe Hawley had suddenly vanished from sight. His pony, directly behind him, was then seen to slide, fall, then plunge out of sight, with its legs in the air, kicking frantically.

Dr. Carr braced himself as did Madge, for all knew what had happened. The "snow lid" in front of them was giving way.

Ord and Joy abandoning their teams, struggled to the rescue, and laid hold of the life rope attached to Carr and the forward sled, and to Madge herself, who insisted on being included in this Alpine method of fastening all together.

Then, if one falls or is trapped, the others, willy-nilly, have to hold back for the sake of all.

The spare pony, being directly behind Joe, was not attached. It was only being used in front to break a path during this difficult stage.

"Hold back, all of you," said Carr, as the strain came on him with a wrench that nearly tore him in two.

"All right, doctor," encouraged Madge, leaning back stoutly, though her eyes showed her fear for Joe's safety. "I'm with you."

"So are we, Doc," said Joy, laying hold of the line himself. "Here is Mr. Ord. Catch on anywhere, sir. Now, all hands! Up he comes hand over hand! Up! Up! A long pull, and a pull together!"

The poor pony was gone, but Madge felt a thrill of relief as she saw Hawley's square shoulders rise up through the sliding snow, and on his face, of all things, a broad grin.

"Oh, Joe!" The girl almost reeled as the strain relaxed and the middy was safe. "I—I thought you were gone."

"Not a bit of it, Madge. But the pony went by me like a streak. Did he kick me? No. Poor little chap. I wish we had him back. He'd make fine eating for a change with this everlasting pemmican."

"If you had gone on after the pony, sir, we sure would have been all broke up," was Joe's hearty expression.

"Broke up!" exclaimed Madge, as Joe, in shaking hands all around, passed his other arm about the girl's shoulders. "I would have died—I know I would. Joe, you simply must not do it again."

"Believe me, I won't, if I can help it. But it is almost worth while, just to see how folks welcome one back."

Ord and Carr exchanged glances, as they noted the boy and girl looking into each other's face as if nothing else was worth while.

(To Be Continued)

Chicago
 Why the Buffalo Wallows
 GOOD READING

WHY THE BUFFALO WALLOW

The water buffalo of China, writes C. O. Levine, associate professor of animal husbandry, Canton Christian College, in the Journal of Heredity (Washington), has few sweat glands in its skin, and for this reason cannot endure hard work in the sun for a long period, unless its body is wet with water. This accounts for the desire of the buffalo to wallow in mud or water. The animals are easily overcome by heat if worked hard in the sun, and sometimes they go crazy and become very dangerous.

BOY KILLS BABY

Supposedly in revenge for having been rebuked by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Gemmel of West Bradford, Pa., Leo Kelly, sixteen, took Ruby Gemmel, ten months old, from her crib and, according to the police, plunged the blade of his pocketknife into her throat. The baby died before the arrival of a physician. The boy is held on a charge of murder.

Kelly is an adopted son of James Gemmel of this city, a brother of Oliver Gemmel. He escaped a week ago from the State Institution for Feeble Minded in Polk and returned to his home here. Last night he is said to have taken a horse and buggy from Oliver Gemmel's stable without getting permission. He was taken to task for this to-day. Following the reprimand he entered the house and a few minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Gemmel found the baby dying.

ANIMALS THAT USE OTHERS AS WEAPONS OR TOOLS

There is a species of crab, indigenous to the Island of Mauritius that habitually holds a sea-anemone in each claw, using them presumably as weapons of defence—one animal using another as a utensil! There are, however, somewhat similar instances quite as curious. One is that of an ant of the East Indies that builds shelters of leaves whose edges are fastened together with silk fibres.

The origin of this silk had long puzzled entomologists. The ant has no spinning glands of any kind at adult age. Holland, of Balangoda, and Green, of Paradeniya, Ceylon, verifying old and incomplete observations made in India, have proved that the working ants, in order to spin the thread that fastens the edges of the leaves, make use of the larvae of their own species, which they hold in their jaws, moving them about with skill in all directions and afterward returning them to the nest when they have finished with them.

Chun has shown, in a study of the anatomy of these larvae, that they possess spinnerets of unusual size after serving the adults as distaffs, so to speak. They use these organs to spin the cocoon.

The origin of such differentiated instincts, whose manifestations resemble so closely those of intelligence, is one of the difficult problems of zoological psychology.

BAN ON REFILLING CIGAR BOXES

More than 140,000,000 cigar boxes are destroyed in the United States every year. These cedar cigar containers now cost from twenty-seven to thirty cents apiece. If all cigars were packed fifty to the box (and they're not) the cigar manufacturers of this country alone would be spending \$35,000,000 a year for receptacles; but as nearly one-half of cigar production goes into fortieths, or in boxes of twenty-five, the cigar manufacturers are spending a great deal more than \$35,000,000; a conservative estimate is \$55,000,000. Thirteen years ago cedar boxes cost from ten to eleven and a half cents.

Every cigar box which has contained cigars is immediately smashed after being emptied, by the retailer, to comply with the rules and regulations of the Department of Internal Revenue of the United States. Meantime, millions upon millions of cigars are lying loose on the shelves of manufacturers of them because of an acute scarcity of cigar boxes.

If only half of the total amount of cigar boxes could be used over again, not indefinitely but only for the second packing, the innovation would entirely correct the shortage in cigar boxes, and thus an actual saving of \$17,000,000 per annum would accrue to the cigar manufacturers, who could reduce the prices of their cigars somewhat.

Many more than one-half of the cigar boxes destroyed are in perfect condition and could be reclaimed not only for one refilling but for several. It is not so much the great monetary saving, though; it is the desire to get a sufficient number of boxes so that cigar distribution may not be longer arrested because of the box shortage.

The object of the Government in requiring that 140,000,000 cigar boxes be junked every year is not one of wanton waste. In prescribing that cigars shall be packed in boxes never having been used before for that purpose, the Government's object is to minimize the temptation to reuse the internal revenue stamp.

In other words, the Government, after exacting a tribute of \$50,000,000 a year from the tobacco trade, in the form of internal revenue taxation, compels the cigar manufacturers to dump more than \$35,000,000 of their personal property into the junk pile, for the sole purpose of making it easier for the Government to collect its \$50,000,000 in taxes.

But the solution of the box supply question may be not far off. Recently perfected mechanical devices will doubtless make it possible for every cigar manufacturer to be his own box-maker. A number of New York cigar manufacturers have already placed orders for these machines.

Definite action by cigar manufacturers in connection with the increasing cost of cigar boxes will be taken at the annual convention of the Tobacco Merchants' Association of America, to open at Washington, D. C.

THE PAWNEE MASSACRE

By HORACE APPLETON.

Our party, composed of eight persons, was bound for the land of the buffalo and the wild horse.

After many days of weary travel along the burning sands of the Republican River, we halted at the mouth of Massacre Canyon, and went into camp.

Captain Baker, our guide, was an old hunter, perfectly familiar with the great range, noted not only as a hunter of game, but of men also—of the outlaws, robbers, and desperadoes who infest the hills and prairies of the West.

The captain was a jolly, good-hearted fellow, and told a story in an original vein of humor that had to be heard to be fully appreciated; and as he had met with an adventure at the great Indian massacre that made the canyon famous, we listened to the story of that event.

Thirteen years ago (he began) the Pawnee Indians—seven hundred, all told—men, women, and children—come down from the north and camped in the west fork of this canyon, some five miles from here.

They came to hunt buffalo—to lay in their winter supply of meat.

About the time the Pawnees cast anchor there, me and a young hunter named Ben Zant, were in the same district hunting bisons, too, and as soon as Ben heard the Pawnees were camped in the canyon, nothing would do him but we must visit them.

I kicked back, but Ben pulled forward.

I just concluded that I weren't done with these raven locks, but Ben assured me he had a passport to the Pawnee camp, and that he would run me in on his frank.

I asked him how he had come by such privileges, and he showed me a little charm made of bone, with some figures on it.

He said the Pawnee chief had given it to him by request of his—the chief's—daughter, Prairie Rose.

Then it all became clear to me.

Ben was in love with that Pawnee girl, and I saw all creation couldn't hold him back, so I told him to go in and see his red darling, and I'd wait for him over at the head of another canyon.

So away he went, and I went back to wait for his coming.

Night settled down over the prairie.

The sky was clear and the stars shone bright.

The moon would not rise until nearly morning.

From the Indian camp came the songs of warriors, and the laugh of papooses, and the bark of dogs, while up along the edge of the canyon some four million coyotes had assembled, and set up a howling that knocked the rocks off of pandemonium.

They kept it up till after midnight, then all became quiet.

Still I could not rest.

I had a presentiment of danger.

It was in the air; but the night pulled slowly along.

It was just growing a little light in the east, where the lazy old moon was poking up, when I heard a faint sound like soft-treading feet.

I listened, and found the sound was up above me on the prairie.

I crept up a pocket of the canyon and peeped over, and I beheld a thousand shadowy forms stealing along towards the Pawnee camp.

I waited and watched.

The moon came up and, before the last of the band of shadows had passed, I recognized them as Sioux warriors in war-paint.

In an instant the truth flashed through my brain.

Those red fiends were going down to butcher the Pawnees, their old hated enemy.

My first thoughts were of Ben Zant, and whirling, I darted down the canyon like an antelope, determined to get in ahead of the Sioux and warn the Pawnees of their danger, and thereby save Ben.

As I had to keep the shadows of the canyon, I had a long way to travel, and I was almost to the Pawnee camp when I heard the Pawnee sentinels giving cries of danger.

I stopped to listen.

Just then it seemed to me as though Hades had let loose all her fiends armed with breech-loading guns.

A yell burst from the throats of a thousand bloodthirsty Sioux, and a broad sheet of sulphurous flame shot down from the top of that canyon, a mile in length.

The Pawnees were surprised, but they rallied bravely in defense of their women and children, and soon sheets of flame shot upwards to meet those poured down upon them.

The smoke of battle rose quickly and hovered just above the gorge.

The moon shining upon this cloud of smoke—into the gorge upon the distracted Pawnee camp and the fiendish forms on the bluffs—presented one of the most awful scenes I ever gazed upon.

The whole Pawnee camp was soon surrounded, and the first thing I knew I was inside of the ring of death.

Where Ben was I knew not.

I crawled up the side of the canyon, and inserted myself in a narrow rift or wash-out where I could watch the battle.

I hadn't been there long when some warriors passing above me started an avalanche of dirt down over me, completely burying me under it; but a few scientific movements, such as a man will make when he feels he's smothering to death, brought air and light to me.

Nothing, however, but my face was uncovered, and as a number of Sioux were near me, I concluded it would be to my interest to keep under cover, and so I kept.

The battle was still waging, and from the way the Sioux were advancing up the canyon, I felt certain it was going hard with the Pawnees, and unless Ben had got out of there before the battle begun, he'd have a tough time of it if caught in the Pawnee camp.

It wasn't long till daylight came, and when the

sun rose it shone upon the most horrible spectacle I ever beheld.

Half of the Pawnees were lying dead in the canyon—men, women, and children lay everywhere.

The remaining Pawnee warriors were still fighting bravely against odds.

Women and children were huddled together here and there in the pockets of the canyon.

I kept a lookout for Ben, and presently I saw an Indian girl, upon whose arms and in whose hair bright jewels flashed, come running from the center of the canyon, with a gourd cup in her hand.

It was filled with water, for in her hurry I saw some of the liquid slop out.

The girl seemed to bear a charmed life, for a dozen bullets struck the earth around her.

To me she appeared a lovely Indian girl, and I knew at once she was Prairie Rose, the sun-flower of Ben Zant's affection.

She ran across the grassy plateau and entered a pocket in the hillside, where under a shelving rock I saw the form of a person lying.

It required no second glance to tell me that person was my young friend, Zant, and my first impulse was to bulge out of my hiding-place and go to his assistance, for I knew he was wounded.

But before I could act a frightful yell rose on the air, and then from the summit of the bluffs a thousand triumphant Sioux came like an avalanche down into the canyon.

I knew that all was over—that the Sioux had won.

I saw Ben Zant crawl out from under the ledge and gaze up at the valley.

A shattered arm hung at his side.

It required but a few brief moments for the revengeful Sioux to dash out the brains of the Pawnee women and children—aye, to butcher every Pawnee in sight.

Then they began to search for those hidden away in the pockets of the canyons.

Their eyes fell upon Ben and Prairie Rose, and they started towards them.

She turned—raised aloft her gleaming hatchet, and buried it to the hilt in the brain of Ben Zant.

Then, with a wild heartrending scream, she fled down the canyon, pursued by a dozen great fiendish Sioux, all frantic for her scalp.

I never saw the poor thing again, and there is no question in my mind but that she met her fate there with her friends.

The hatchet of the princess no doubt saved Ben Zant from the pain and suffering of savage torture.

He sank to the earth, and scarcely moved after the deadly weapon fell, and when I saw a Sioux warrior come along and stoop and tear the scalp from the boy's head, I could scarcely hold in longer.

I never suffered so in all my life.

But I knew that to expose my presence would be instant death, and so I kept quiet until I was enabled to leave under the shadows of night.

Of all that band of Pawnees not a dozen escaped alive. The massacre has no equal in the annals of the West for coldblooded fiendishness;

and, what makes it look worse, the Sioux were led by a white man named Dashing Charley, one whom some have extolled as a dashing hero, but whom I regard a cowardly brute and murderer.

The Sioux left the bodies of their enemies to rot and bleach in the sun where they had fallen, and to this day the canyon is ghastly with the horrible relics of that massacre.

HIDES FOR TWO YEARS IN CAVE

Stories of how a deserter from the Union Army during the Civil War had been brought to bay in a nearby village by a United States marshal and shot, brought visions of a similar fate to Carl Amerine of Chillicothe, O., and impelled him to hide in the hills for almost two years.

Amerine, drafted into the army, left a wife and two-year-old child at home in the hills. He could neither read nor write and the largest village visited in his twenty-four years had numbered less than a thousand people. The bustling thousands at the camp, military restraint and customs weighed heavily on him and an impelling desire to see his wife and baby boy led him to quit camp to see them without obtaining permission.

At home, his father, a veteran of the Civil War, told him he was a deserter. Visions of the firing squad flashed through his mind. Kissing his wife and baby good-bye, he took to the hills.

There he found a cave in which he spent most of the time, venturing forth only at night and at a time in the day when there was little chance of being seen. His fare was the scanty food that his wife could get to him, herbs and wild berries that he gathered and such wild game as he could catch. The cave in which he lived was large enough for one person only and could have been defended against an enemy. So closely did he watch all approaches to his hiding place that until a few days ago he had been seen by no one except his wife and a brother-in-law.

Military authorities had abandoned the search for Amerine. Three weeks ago an attorney friend of the family became interested and implored the wife to have her husband return and give himself up. She steadfastly held that her husband would be shot if captured and refused to have him return.

On May 7 Clarence Stone, of Adelpia, managed to get word to the youth that his was not a case for a firing squad. Last Monday night Amerine visited Stone's home, where they went over the situation. He agreed to give himself up.

Early Thursday morning the fugitive again went to Stone's home. His wife brought his uniform, which she had preserved for him and had pressed for the occasion. With Stone and an attorney Amerine went to Camp Sherman and surrendered to the adjutant. He made no comment except to express himself as being well pleased that "it is all over."

He—Darling, what do you suppose I have done to-day? She—I couldn't guess in a hundred years. "I have had my life insured." "That's just like you, John Mann. All you seem to think of is yourself."

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1920.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

TWO EAGLES CAPTURED

A pair of immense gray eagles, the largest birds which have been seen in that part of the country for many years, were captured alive recently by J. H. Simpson and F. M. Butler on their place near Saltfork, Okla. The male, it is estimated, will measure nearly eight feet from tip to tip. Its huge talons are as sharp as an arrow and its strong, hook-like bill would make short work of a young calf, colt, pig or lamb. It is said that this species of eagle is almost extinct, and the breed has been known to attack children and even to offer battle to men when thoroughly aroused. Mr. Butler will endeavor to keep the eagles alive.

WIND MILLS DOING THEIR BIT

The windmills of Cape Cod are coming into their own again. Some of the mills, which closely resemble those of Holland, were built more than 150 years ago. At that time they were used to grind grain, and it is the high price of grain that brings them to a new life.

In the early 70s the mills did their duty in pumping salt water from the sea up into large vats, where the salt was scraped from the boards after the water evaporated. Not long after, a new process of making salt was discovered and the salt industry of Cape Cod declined.

Some of the mills were demolished. Some were left standing and within recent years many have been purchased by summer residents to serve as ornaments on country estates. A few that have survived the severe Cape Cod easterly storms are awakening from their half century sleep and will grind meal for farmers.

FOUND A STRANGE TRIBE

The existence in Africa of a hitherto unknown tribe, the members of which paint their bodies in such a manner as to make themselves practically invisible to the animals they hunt, is vouched for by Dr. Cuthbert Christy, a well-known English traveler, who has returned after spending three years in the Congo on a scientific expedition for the Belgian Government. Dr. Christy spent eighteen months in a part of the Ituri forest, previously almost unknown. He succeeded in shoot-

ing an okapi and in collecting four of these strange animals. The Bambuti dwarfs, among whom he lived, enabled him to penetrate to the okapi's haunts. But it is his discovery of the "invisible people" that has attracted the most notice. He found them in the Ituri forest. They are very shy and quite naked. By means of dull red lines painted in various directions across their bodies they make themselves invisible. They organize great drives in the forest, using nets with which to catch the animals. Dr. Christy began his expedition at Boma in 1912. His European assistants fell sick and only natives accompanied him. When he learned of the war he decided to return home by way of the Nile.

LAUGHS

"Here, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"Serves the brute right. He's been buzzin' round here all the mornin'."

"Say," remarked the village lawyer, as he entered the general store. "I want a ribbon for my typewriter." "All right, sir," responded the new clerk. "Do you want one for her, or for it?"

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding houses twenty years for nothing? Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.

Rev. Goodman—Mr. Slick, our Sunday-school superintendent, is a tried and trusted employee of yours, is he not? Banker—He was trusted, and he'll be tried if we're only fortunate enough to catch him.

"Dear me," said Mr. Meek; "it seems so absurd for men to be constantly talking about their wives having the last word. As for me, I never object to my wife having the last word." "You don't?" "Not a bit. I always feel thankful when she gets to it."

"Now that we're engaged," she said, "of course I can't call you Mr. Parkinson; and even Sebastian seems too long and formal. Haven't you any short pet name?" "Well," replied the happy Parkinson, "the fellows at college used to—er—call me 'Pie-Face.'"

"Auntie," said the judge to the battered lady of color, "did your husband strike you with malice aforethought?" "'Deed he didn't," was the indignant reply, "he didn't hit me wid that mallet afore he thought; he'd been figgerin' on dat er long time, jedge, 'deed he had."

"I'd like to have your check for that little midnight supper I served you at your house last month," said the caterer. "You'll have to wait until I get the doctor's bill for curing me of indigestion," replied the victim. "That comes off your bill."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

LOCKED DAYS IN REFRIGERATOR

Imprisoned in a refrigerator car packed with ice, with nothing to eat except the small particles of ice that he chopped from the cakes, Bandil Johan, of Cumberland, Md., subsisted for five days before he was released. Johan was without funds and when he could not find a place to sleep here he went to the freight yards and crawled into the car. The door was closed during the night.

HE KILLED THREE BEARS

Ebenezer Ramsey, 82 years old, killed three bears near his home in Lon Valley, on the line between El Dorado and Placer Counties, Cal., a few days ago, but escaped possible death from one of them by the interference of his dog. Ramsey's dog treed a large bear and her two cubs, and Ramsey, with an ancient single shot rifle, went to investigate. Seeing the bears, he shot at all three, but the mother bear was not killed and on falling to the ground she took after Ramsey before he could reload his rifle. His dog, however, pounced upon the infuriated animal and kept it busy until Ramsey secured an axe with which he killed the brute. He says it was the most exciting hunt he ever had.

A SOLDIER'S CHANCES

Great as the danger and large as the losses in the aggregate, the individual soldier has plenty of chances of coming out of war unscathed, or at least not badly injured.

Based on the mortality statistics of the allied armies, a soldier's chances are as follows:

Twenty-nine chances of coming home to one chance of being killed.

Forty-nine chances of recovering from wounds to one chance of dying from them.

One chance in 500 of losing a limb.

Will live five years longer because of physical training, is freer from disease in the Army than in civil life, and has better medical care at the front than at home.

In other wars from ten to fifteen men died from disease to one from bullets; in this war one man died from disease to every ten from bullets.

For those of our fighting men who did not escape scatheless, the Government under the soldier and sailor insurance law gives protection to the wounded and their dependents and to the families and dependents of those who made the supreme sacrifice for their country.

A FREAK BANKNOTE

Very few mistakes escape the vigilance of the United States in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. One notable exception, however, was a banknote with a \$50 value on one side and a \$100 value on the other.

The note was discovered by a clerk in a Western hotel, who, in making up his accounts for the day, found it impossible to get them to balance. In counting the bills which he had on hand from

left to right, laying them face down as he did so, his accounts balanced exactly, but when he reversed the process and counted from right to left, laying the bills down on the other side, he was \$50 short. After vainly counting over and over, in despair, he called in the manager, who had no better success. At last they examined each bill carefully on both sides, and the cause of the trouble was discovered.

It was found on communicating with Washington that record was held there of the bill and the department was anxious to recall it. With another bill it had been printed for a bank in Kansas, and the mistake had been made in some way by a printer who had turned the sheet upside down in printing the reverse side. The first plate bore the obverse of a \$50 bill at the top and of a \$100 bill at the bottom, while the other plate held the reverse of both notes. By turning the sheet around for the reverse printing the \$50 impression had been made on the back of the \$100 bill and the \$100 impression on the back of the \$50 bill.

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CORN GROW- ING ON ROOF

For several weeks farmers on the Lane Road observed a green substance on the roof of an abandoned house on the Le Gale farm, Gaffney Falls, N. Y. They watched it grow until it attained a height of five feet. The men reported the phenomenon but were laughed at.

Jabez Montow, who watched the green substance for four weeks, came here and invited the Village President, H. E. Shotts, and two others to accompany him to the house for an investigation.

The men accepted the invitation. A ladder was secured from the engine house, placed in an automobile truck and the men went to the house. There they found two stalks of corn six feet in length, with two large ears of corn on each stalk protruding from the roof. The men entered the garret of the house and found the hill of corn in a mass of soot and dirt, an accumulation of years.

The stalks were removed and brought to town. They measured nine feet in length, two feet being beneath the roof. The men each took an ear of corn, which is of the red variety, for seed next season.

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Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 118 East 28th Street, New York City, or 8 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

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A whale can remain under water for an hour and a half.

The Lapp frequently sleeps up on the mountain plateau with no other covering than the snow and the clothes he wears.

In the earliest Colonial days in America, musketballs passed for change, and were legal tender for sums under a shilling.

The South Sea Islanders have a curious method of salutation, which is to fling a jar of water over the head of a friend.

It is the privilege of the grandees of Spain to stand in the presence of their sovereign with their hats on.

Flames and currents of very hot air are good conductors of electricity. An electrified body, placed near to flame, soon loses its charge.

Light acts upon the brain, and those who sleep with their blinds up find that, in summer time, when so few hours are really dark, their sleep is not refreshing.

The mole is not blind, as many persons suppose. Its eyes are hardly larger than a pin-head, and are carefully protected from dust and dirt by means of enclosing hairs.



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SINCE QUITTING

TOBACCO HABIT



HJALMAR NELSON (address on application), whose photo appears at the left, learned of my book and other information being given **FREE**, explaining how Tobacco Habit can be conquered by oneself, safely, speedily and completely. He obtained the information and reported a gain of 25 pounds, as well as

VICTORY IN THREE DAYS OVER SLAVERY TO TOBACCO HABIT

HERE are more letters—voluntary testimonials. Though they are a small fraction of the thousands and thousands that can be produced, they are sufficient to show you what may be expected after the **TOBACCO HABIT** is overcome within 72 hours by the simple Woods Method. **READ THESE!**

"While addicted to the tobacco habit every muscle and joint ached, and I had almost given up business. I was poor in health, weighing about 130 pounds. Now I am well, weigh 165 pounds, and can work every day. I have never wanted to chew or smoke since following the Woods method."—A. F. Shelton. (Full address on application.)

"I have no craving for tobacco; this I consider wonderful after having used a pipe for 35 years. I have gained 12 pounds in two months, which is very good at the age of 59 years. To say that the benefits far exceed my expectations is putting it mildly. Anyone in doubt can refer to me."—John Brodie. (Full address on application.)

"I had weighed as low as 128 pounds, never got over 135 while I used tobacco. Now I weigh 156 pounds. Everyone wants to know why I got so fleshy; I tell them to follow Edward J. Woods' method for overcoming tobacco and find out."—W. S. Morgan. (Full address on application.)

"May God bless you. I am feeling finer every day of my life—not like the same person. My appetite is better, and my stomach is all right. I can hold out in walking better, my voice is better and my heart is stronger."—Mrs. Mattie E. Stevenson. (Full address on application.)

"Have used tobacco in all forms (mostly chewing) for 15 years, using about a plug of tobacco a day. I began following your Method on a Friday noon and after that day the craving for tobacco was gone. I am always ready to praise you and the good work you are doing. I can also say that I have gained nine pounds in seven weeks, and feel like a new man."—Robert S. Brown. (Full address on application.)

"My husband hasn't smoked a single cigarette, and has no desire to smoke since following your method of quitting. He looks like a new man—the best I ever saw him. He gained seventeen pounds, and is feeling fine."—C. C. Rogers. (Full address on application.)

QUIT TOBACCO EASILY NOW!

STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

Why continue to commit slow suicide, when you can live a really contented life, if you only get your body and nerves right? It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to rid oneself of tobacco by suddenly stopping with "will power"—don't do it.

The correct way is to eliminate nicotine poison from the system and genuinely overcome the craving.

Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures the health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas belching, gnawing or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, melancholy, lung trouble, impure (poisoned) blood, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders.

Overcome that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff.

Here is an opportunity to receive **FREE** a reliable treatise on the subject, containing interesting and valuable information that you should be glad to have. This book tells all about the renowned 'Three Days' Method by which Mr. Nelson, and thousands and thousands of others, saved themselves from the life-wrecking tobacco habit. The book on tobacco and snuff habit will be mailed **FREE TO YOU** in plain wrapper, postpaid. All you need do is

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After 50 years of service the bamboo organ in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Tung k adoo, Shanghai, is still in fairly good condition. It is stated that there is one other bamboo organ in the Orient, but it is not possible at this time to secure definite information relative to its whereabouts or condition. As metal pipes are to replace the bamboo in the Shanghai organ, the noted instrument will lose much of its public interest.

In a recent issue of the North China Daily News of Shanghai, the following comment appears regarding the tone of the historic bamboo organ:

"It would be better if it were completely in tune, for a long wave beat, similar to the short one which gives beauty to the tremulous vox colestis betrays the fact that it is not. Possibly it never was, for bamboo does not suit for organ building. Despite this, however, the tone is sweet, if somewhat 'woodly,' and the whole instrument speaks volumes for the skill of those men who, using only materials immediately at hand, were able to devise an organ pleasing to the ear and able to defy the severest test—that of time."

New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS HAIR GROWER

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth.

Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs.

INDIANS' SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH



Photo when bald.

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved. Many men and women, also children, have reported satisfactory results from Kotalko.



From recent photo.

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair



For women's hair.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever, excessive dryness or other disorders. I have been told by experts that often when hair falls out the roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they remain for a time like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle. Kotalko contains those elements of nature which give new vitality to the scalp and hair. To prove the GENUINENESS of Kotalko, I will send the recipe FREE on request. Or I will mail a testing box of Kotalko with the recipe for 10 cents, silver or stamps, if you mention this publication. Satisfy yourself. You want to stop falling hair, eliminate dandruff or cover that bald spot with healthy hair. Get the dime testing box NOW, apply once or twice daily—watch in your mirror! Address:

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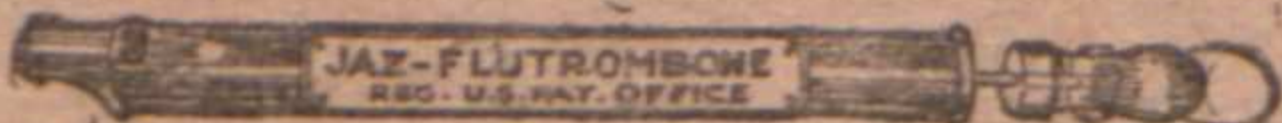


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- 750 Winning a Fortune; or, The Boy Hero of the Mill.
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- 752 On the Job; or, Tom Taylor's Lucky Venture.
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